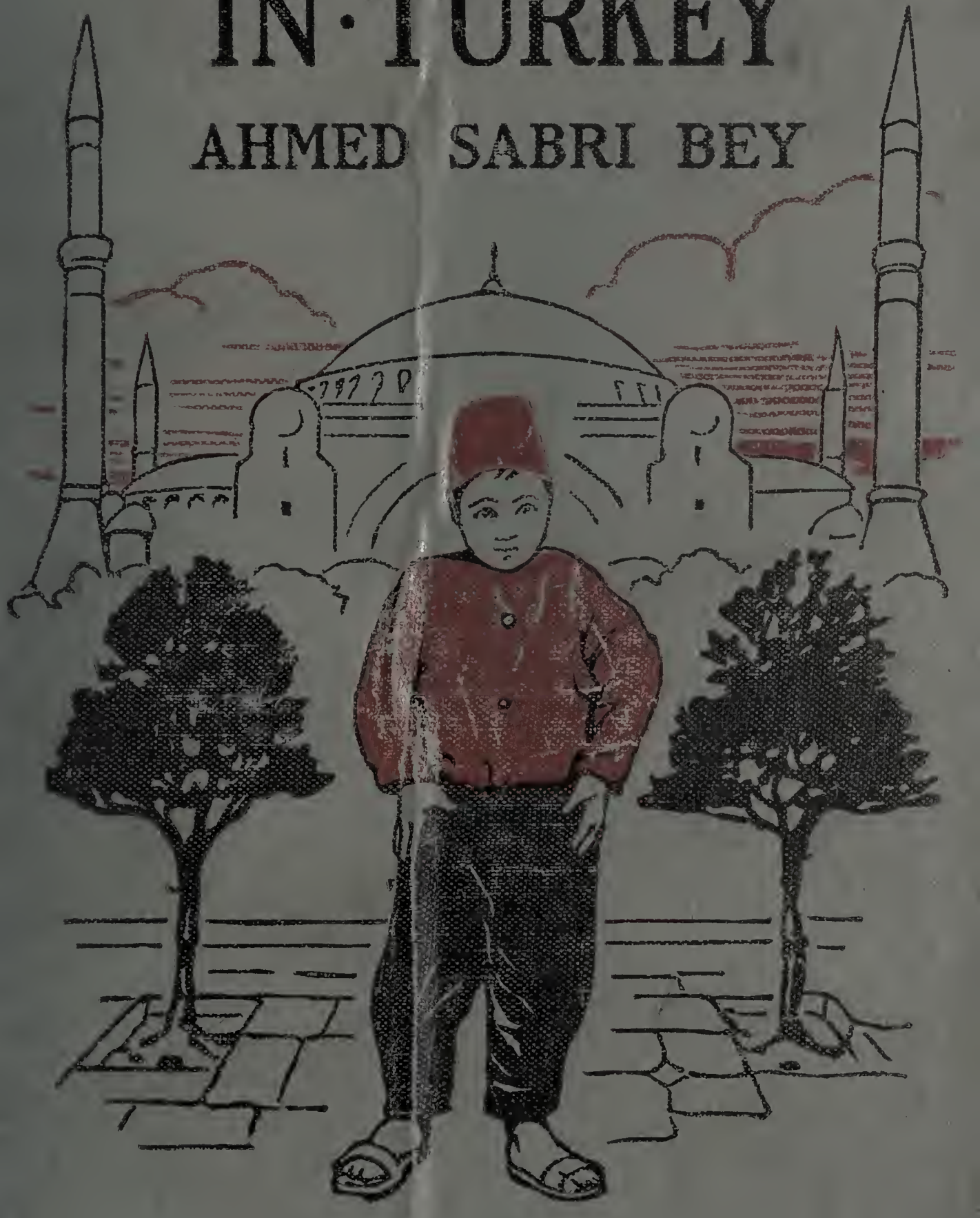
WHEN I WAS A BOY IN TURKEY

AHMED SABRI BEY



At the time of his graduation from the *Mekteb Harbie*, the famous Military School of Constantinople.

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WHEN I WAS A BOY IN TURKEY

By

AHMED SABRI BEY

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When I Was a Boy In Turkey

SEP -6 1924

Printed in U. S. A.

Norwood Press
BERWICK & SMITH CO.
Norwood, Mass.

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WHEN I WAS A BOY IN TURKEY

CHAPTER I

MY COUNTRY AND MY LANGUAGE

To a boy of the West, Turkey, no doubt, brings thoughts of strange people, strange customs, a strange religion, and a strange history. If I can make these all a bit familiar to my Occidental brothers I shall feel that my efforts in writing this book are well rewarded, for most of the strife in the world is due to a lack of understanding. The West must understand the East, and the East the West if they are to live together in peace.

I am now more than ever happy that my boyhood was passed in the tranquil days before the Balkan Wars, which began in 1912 and which were followed by the Great War and the Greco-Turkish War,

leaving my country in a most unhappy state.

My home was in Kemer, a town of about ten thousand inhabitants situated a few miles from the eastern end of the Gulf of Adramyttium, which opens into the Ægean Sea and the entrance of which is guarded by the Island of Mitylene, known in ancient times as Lesbos. In my country there are few roads and no railroads. We describe places as being so many hours away by donkey or boat, these being the two most common means of travel other than one's legs. Kemer is one and a half hours by donkey from Adramyti, a city of forty thousand population lying to the north. For this reason my town is called Adramyti Kemer to distinguish it from numerous other towns called Kemer which are scattered throughout Anatolia.

If you should visit Kemer on a day in spring, you would be impressed by its beauty. Coming from the sea on the back

of your donkey, you ride for half an hour through a fertile plain, deep green in its covering of wheat, barley, oats, and sesame. On approaching the town, great vineyards come into view, the young vine-leaves being fresh and clean, for the rains have just ended and the long dry season which lasts from May to October has only begun. The town itself shines like a mirror in the brilliant sunshine. Its white houses made of stone, covered with white stucco, and with red tile roofs, its mosques with their huge domes and graceful minarets, its cobbled streets just washed by the rain, and its tall blue-green cedars marking the sites of the cemeteries, all help to give it an inviting appearance.

You enter the town and in a few moments you are in *Beuyuk Charsu,* which means big bazaar. This forms the principal street, and along it are many coffee-houses as well as innumerable small shops with their entire fronts open to the public. Here one can buy everything needful

for life in Asia Minor. One shop sells rugs, another mattresses, others blankets, cloth, furniture, pottery, and tools. There are whole streets of shops selling meat, vegetables, cereals, bread, and sweets.

The coffee-houses are of especial interest. Here sit men of all ages and nationalities as well as occupations. For example, there is a Greek from the interior who has no doubt come to town to sell some hides or sheep. He is dressed in great baggy blue trousers, with a short blue vest ornamented with black braid. On the back of his head he wears a black embroidered skull-cap. He talks with his Circassian neighbor, who is dressed in a long gray coat drawn in at the waist by a black belt ornamented with silver. In this belt is stuck a large dagger with a beautifully worked scabbard and handle. The Circassian's head-dress consists of a great lamb's-wool *kalpak* at least a foot high. They both smoke from the same *narghile* which lies at their feet. The *narghile* con-

sists of a jar containing water through which the smoke is drawn. In the jar's neck there is a bowl containing tobacco and a live coal. Sometimes as many as five or six men smoke from the same *narghile,* there being that number of long tubes terminating in mouthpieces running from it. At another table sits an old Kurd puffing away at his *chabuk,* a pipe consisting of an elaborately carved stem at least a meter long with a tiny bowl at the end. There are many others sitting about, each with his distinctive costume, for it is to the coffee-houses that all the men come to talk and smoke. They are the social centers for the men of the community.

As you stroll through the streets of the town, you will notice the owners of the various shops sitting on the floor just inside the entrances. They are continually smoking, and sipping tiny cups of Turkish coffee. The shops are mostly owned by Greeks, but the customers are mainly Turks, for of Kemer's ten thousand in-

habitants, seven thousand are Turkish and the remainder Greek, with a few Armenians and Jews. The bazaar is always busy. Many Turkish women can be seen going from shop to shop. They all wear the *yashmak* and *petche*. The first is the veil which covers their entire face except the eyes, and the second the head-dress which descends just to the waist. In Kemer these are always white, while the rest of the costume is black. Usually a little boy or girl follows them with a basket in which all their purchases are deposited.

Passing through the town and continuing into the country, you come to the great olive groves which run on into the foothills of the Modia Mountains. These are covered with a vast carpet of wild flowers. Throughout the groves and in the foothills are scattered many little villages in which nearly all the houses are built of mud bricks. Many of these villages are built on the sites of ancient

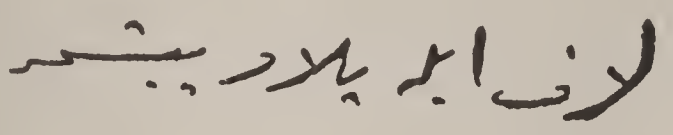
Greek cities, portions of the ruins of which still protrude from the ground, and here and there you will see a house with an ancient Greek marble slab for a door or window-sill. As you go up higher into the mountains, the olive-trees change to pine-trees and instead of villages there are huts of the shepherds, which are made of stones and pine-branches and the folds of the sheep, which consist of great masses of thorn-bush. Numerous flocks of sheep and goats can be seen grazing on the mountainside. They are guarded by large, ferocious dogs which attack all strangers but are easily driven off with stones.

You stop in your climb and look about you. To the west is Kemer and the blue Ægean. To the north is Mount Ida, 5,752 feet high and mentioned by Homer in the Iliad, for on the other side of it and twenty miles to the north lies the ancient Troy, of whose glory Homer sang and which flourished 1,800 years before Christ.

To the south about thirty miles away can be seen the outline of Bergama, the ancient Pergamum, the capital of one of the most powerful states of the ancient world and the home of one of the first seven Christian churches, called Pergamos in the Revelation of St. John. So, all in all, you can see that my country is one of beauty, historical interest, and agricultural wealth.

My language is Turkish, and it is very difficult to gain a good knowledge of it. Its basis is the language of the Ottoman Turks, a tribal people who, coming from the plains of Central Asia in the twelfth century, conquered all of Asia Minor, Mesopotamia, Arabia, Egypt, North Africa, and Southeastern Europe as far as Austria. Their language has been greatly modified by the people they conquered and with whom they came in contact. Arabic and Persian have made especially large contributions to the modern Turkish tongue. We have taken our re-

ligion, Mohammedanism, from the Arabs, and with it much of their language. Our method of writing we owe also to the Arabs. It resembles to a certain extent stenographic writing. Following is a famous Turkish proverb written in Turkish script:



It says, "You can't cook pilaf by gabbing!" which is equivalent to the English proverb, "Talk never accomplished anything!" Pilaf is the staple dish of the Near East. It is made of rice and is included in nearly every meal, like potatoes in the West. To read Turkish, you begin at the right-hand side of the page and read to the left. Therefore, the last page of books written in the languages of the West is the same as the first page of books written in Turkish. Years ago in order to know Turkish well, one had to study

both Arabic and Persian, but during the last fifty years our literary men have given much thought and study to our language, and its grammar has been fixed. The Persian and Arabic words are now being adapted to the Turkish grammar. This has proven to be very difficult, and whenever possible a purely Turkish word is used. The modern preference for Turkish is quite a contrast to the practice of the ancient authors who regarded Turkish words as vulgar, and used the Arabic and Persian expressions on every possible occasion. There is some agitation among us to use the Latin alphabet. Turkish is a Turanian language, like Hungarian and Finnish, while Persian is an Aryan language, like most of those of the West, and Arabic is a Semitic language, like Hebrew. To write modern Turkish, which is an amalgamation of these three languages, in the Arab script offers a great many problems. Arabic has but few vowel sounds, and therefore but

few vowel signs, while Turkish has many vowel sounds. Thus the great difficulty is to write Turkish, with its many vowel sounds, using the few vowel signs found in Arabic. Some additional vowel sounds have been adopted, but they are not adequate, as one sign still represents numerous sounds. For this reason, the same outline in Turkish script may signify a number of different words and can only be understood in connection with the words that accompany it. However, in spite of all these problems yet to be solved, it is fair to say that the Turkish boy of to-day has a much easier task in school than his father or grandfather had.

CHAPTER II

MY FAMILY AND MY HOME

I AM called Ahmed Sabri. These are both Arabic names. Ahmed means "the greatly praised," and is one of the names applied to the Prophet Mohammed, the founder of our religion. Sabri means "patient." Many boys have only a single name, and this is true of practically all girls. In Turkey we do not have family names, but in case two men have the same name and we wish to distinguish between them, we say, "Ahmed the carpenter," "Ahmed the shepherd" or "Ahmed from Adramyti." Still more common is the use of nicknames such as Kara (black) Ahmed, or Kodja Bourun (big nose) Ahmed. I myself was sometimes called Ahmed Sabri Karamanoglou because my ancestors originally came to Kemer from Karaman, a district in Asia Minor con-

A Boy of Constantinople.

taining the city of Konia and at one time an independent kingdom under the Seljuk Turks who conquered Asia Minor before the coming of the Ottoman Turks. The suffix "oglou" means "a son of," so Karamanoglou means "a son of Karaman."

A little information about my ancestors may interest you. The great-great-grandfather of my father, whose name was Mustafa Aga and who was a chief of the Janissaries, came from Karaman. You may know that the Janissaries were the special soldiers of the Sultan. In the early days of the Ottoman Empire they were made up entirely of Christian boys who were taken at a very early age from their parents, brought up as Mohammedans, and taught absolute fidelity to the Sultan. They were the best of soldiers and played a great and important part in all the conquests of the Turks. At first they were not permitted to marry, but later this rule was disregarded. They

then married, had families, and their sons in turn became Janissaries. Mustafa Aga fought for Sultan Selim III in Hungary. On his return he brought with him an Hungarian noblewoman whom he married to his son Osman Aga. The Sultan, as a reward for valor, made Mustafa the Governor of Kemer and gave him much land in and about the town. His son Osman with his bride Elizabeth came to live in Kemer with him. Both Osman and his son Mohammed Kadir, my grandfather, became Janissaries.

Sultan Selim III was deposed in 1807 by the Janissaries, who had become so powerful that instead of serving the Sultan they ruled him. His successor, Mahmoud II, known as the Reformer, had all the Janissaries in Constantinople killed on July 15th, 1826, and their organization was permanently destroyed. Mustafa Aga to save his life ran away from Kemer to Fokia, a town near Smyrna, where he died shortly afterwards.

His son Osman Aga and grandson Mohammed continued to live in Kemer, but merely as landowners who occupied themselves in looking after their property. The title Aga, which means noble, disappeared from our family, my father being known as Osman Zeki Effendi. Effendi is a title supposed to be applied to men only of noble birth, but to-day in Turkey it is used the same as Mister in English.

My father was a very studious man, being one of the "Ulema" or doctors of sacred law and theology. He graduated from the Seminary of Mohammed Fatih in Constantinople. This seminary is attached to the Mosque of Mohammed Fatih in Constantinople, which was built in honor of the Sultan who took Constantinople from the Greeks in 1453. However, my father made no professional use of his knowledge, giving all his time to his home and the directing of his estate. My mother's name was Zelika, which is

the name of Potiphar's wife in the story of Joseph, the son of Jacob, that is told in Genesis, the first book of the Old Testament, and also spoken of in the Koran, the Mohammedan sacred book. She was called Zelika Hanoum, the latter being the title applied to women as Effendi is applied to men. My mother could neither read nor write, which unfortunately is true of nearly all the women of Turkey both rich and poor. If you should ask one of my countrymen the reason why no opportunities for education are given to girls, he would no doubt reply, "What is the use of education to a woman?"

My father never met nor talked with my mother before their marriage. Everything was arranged by my grandfathers, and my father first looked on the face of his wife in the privacy of the bridal chamber after the marriage ceremony had been completed. The Revolution of 1908 has lessened the strictness of this custom in the large cities. We will speak more of

this later. In spite of their being total strangers before their marriage, my father and mother loved each other very dearly. I never heard nor saw them quarrel. They were models of mutual respect and consideration.

Father was a large, strong man with a light complexion. He formed quite a contrast to Mother, who was small, with beautiful black hair and an olive complexion. Father's usual costume was that of an *hodja* (religious teacher). It consisted of a long dark-blue robe reaching from his neck to his feet and a head-dress of the common red fez around which was wound a white turban. This is the characteristic head-dress of all men identified with religion in a professional capacity as *hodja, immam* (priest), or *mufti* (religious judge). Mother's costume, when about the house or visiting friends near by, consisted of a *mashlak* (kimono) of Brussa or Damascus silk with a design of golden thread woven into it. She had

mashlaks of many different colors and in one of them she always appeared much more gay and beautiful than in the severe street costume of white veil and headdress, and black blouse and skirt.

My mother's father was Ismail Bey, the chief of the gendarmes or police of Kemer. Bey is a title which years ago was automatically given to men in the army with the rank of major or above and also to certain grades of civil officials. It was also applied to rich men, but to-day the title has lost all significance and anybody can call himself *Bey*. Ismail Bey was much younger than my grandfather Mohammed Kadir who died in my eighth year and was said to be nearly one hundred years old. My grandmother, Sherifa Hanoum, was Grandfather Mohammed's second wife. She was a Circassian, as was also my mother's mother, Emina Hanoum. A large percentage of the wives of wealthy Turks are Circassians. They are especially sought after because

of their great beauty. Their homeland is in the Caucasus, from which great numbers have been driven by the persecution of the Russians.

Our house was made of brick and stone. It had been built by Mustafa Aga when he was governor of Kemer. As my father was the oldest of the three sons of Grandfather Mohammed and Grandmother Sherifa, he brought his wife to live with his parents, and when they died the house became his. Grandfather Mohammed had an older son, my uncle Mustafa, but as he was a son by a previous wife, he was ineligible to the succession of the family mansion. My uncles Hadji Edhem and Ahmed, younger brothers of my father, went when they married to live with their wives' parents and later built houses for themselves.

Mustafa Aga built a house worthy of his position. It was an extremely large house for Kemer. An archway, through which a road ran, divided the ground floor

into two parts, there being three rooms on each side. One of these was a bathroom with a stone floor under which a fire could be built. This was a typical Turkish bath and resembled a great oven. In this lower part of the house my grandfather and grandmother lived, as they were too old to climb stairs. Here also was the dining-room. The upper floor had eight rooms, of which four belonged to the women. Into these rooms my mother always retreated when men, other than relations, came to visit my father. My brother Ismail Jenani, five years older than myself, and I had separate rooms on this floor. Here, too, was the reception-room where all guests were received and where they slept if they stayed for the night. It was the largest and most richly furnished room in our home. All the rooms were furnished without chairs or beds. The floors were covered with beautiful oriental rugs, and about the walls were low divans reaching not more than a foot

above the ground, which were also covered with carpets. Many cushions were scattered about, and these with the divans served both as chairs and beds.

On one side of our house we had a large garden, surrounded by a high wall. The garden was very beautiful with its numerous flowers, and its palm, fig, apricot, and mulberry trees. It contained two small buildings. In one my mother raised silkworms, feeding them leaves from the mulberry-trees, and in the other our old servant Emina did the cooking and lived with her family. She was a negress and a descendant of a slave of Mustafa Aga. She was always very good to me and I loved her very much. Her name, the same as that of the mother of the Prophet Mohammed, means " faithful," and as a little boy I often found safety in her arms.

On the side of the house opposite the garden was a small building of three rooms. It was here that poor pilgrims on their way to Mecca, traveling hodjas, and

beggars could stay for the night. It had been built by Elizabeth, the Hungarian wife of my great-grandfather Osman Aga. She is still famous in Kemer after three generations for her generosity and goodness. To the wayfarers who stopped here, my father ordered our servant Emina to give food twice each day. One of the five great commandments of Allah given to us through Mohammed is to give alms. All good Mohammedans, no matter how poor, give alms. Perhaps we are not very practical in the way in which we obey this commandment, for there has sprung up a class of professional beggars numbering tens of thousands. It would be better if we did as is the custom in the West, that is, give our alms to great philanthropic associations who would use them where they are most needed.

In front of this wayfarers' hostel there was a deep stone basin about twenty feet in circumference with a fountain in the center. I shall never forget this basin as

in it I almost lost my life. When about eight years old I was playing along its edge and fell into the water. Not being able to swim, I immediately sank. My mother saw me from the window of her apartment and leaning out shouted, "Save my boy! Save my boy!" My cousin Ismail Bey, a boy of eighteen years, was just passing. He ran to the basin, jumped in and rescued me. I was already unconscious, but after great efforts on the part of the *hakim* (doctor) I was brought back to life. Unfortunately my cousin as a result of his wetting, it being winter, contracted pneumonia and died. This made me very unhappy, and for a long time I could not look at his mother, Fatima Zekia, my aunt, for I felt as if I were guilty of her son's death.

As a little boy I spent most of my time in the garden. I seldom went out except to school at the mosque or to accompany my father on his journeys of inspection about his property. I had many play-

mates, all the little boys and girls of our neighbors, but my favorite was Zekia, two years older than I and the daughter of our servant Emina. She was as black as coal, but always smiling and laughing, thus continually showing her fine white teeth. We were great friends. All day long we ran and played together. We helped our old Greek gardener, Baba Yanni (old man John), whenever he had anything that we could do. But what delighted us most was to listen to the father of Zekia, Hadji Kadir, when he told of his pilgrimage to Mecca.

To go to Mecca, the birthplace of the Prophet Mohammed, is another of the five great commandments of our religion. Every man, if he wishes to stand in the grace of Allah, must go if he possibly can. If he cannot go himself, he can profit somewhat in the eyes of Allah by helping some one else to make the voyage. Every one who has made the journey is called *hadji* (pilgrim), and is regarded with

great respect as a holy man. Hadji Kadir was the watchman of my father's property, and he made the pilgrimage as the bodyguard of my uncle Hadji Edhem Bey.

Hadji Kadir's tale was always interesting, being full of picturesque and dangerous incidents, and we never tired of listening to it. He told of the long trip from Smyrna to Jidda, on the Arabian coast of the Red Sea, by way of the Suez Canal. The voyage took two months and was made in a sailboat which stopped at scores of places on the way to take on new passengers and to give those already aboard a chance to replenish their stocks of food and water. Then came the journey from Jidda to Mecca in a caravan of ten thousand pilgrims, all barefooted and bareheaded and clothed in white sheets. The caravan was attacked by bands of Bedouins who were driven off only after a stiff fight. We listened with mouths and eyes wide-open to the recital of the won-

ders of Mecca and to the tales of the pilgrims he had met from far countries. There were representatives from Mongolia, Turkestan, Java, the Congo, Senegal, an oasis in the middle of the Sahara desert, China, India, Morocco, Egypt, Persia, South Africa, and the Philippines. Some had taken two years to make the voyage from their homes. The description of the great camp of the pilgrims in the Valley of Arafat brought from us exclamations of wonder. The story of the dangerous voyage through the desert to Medina where Mohammed is buried, the descriptions of the attacks which were a number of times made on the caravan by bands or robbers, and finally the history of the homeward travels through Palestine, Syria, and Asia Minor stirred us to a high pitch of excitement. Hadji Kadir loved to tell us of his pilgrimage just as we loved to listen.

In the summer time we always ate in the garden. We sat on rugs spread on

the ground, and the food was set before us on a low table. We never used either knives or forks, the only eating instruments employed being spoons, and these only for soup. For other dishes we used our fingers, and all of us ate from the same dish. This arrangement was not so unsanitary as it sounds. We always accompanied our meals with *youfka,* an unleavened bread which my mother baked herself. It was baked in large, round forms and was very thin. Every Turkish woman prides herself on the size and thinness of her youfka. Just before eating it is moistened with water and becomes very flexible. We took pieces of this in our hands and covered it with pilaf or whatever other food was being served. Thus we ate the pilaf and youfka together and whenever we helped ourselves from the common dish we used a fresh piece of youfka to do so. In short, we made the youfka serve as a fork. Often I found it less fatiguing to take a whole

youfka, put upon it a large quantity of pilaf or helva, roll it up into a roll, and eat it leisurely. This did away with the constant return to the common dish. It was a sort of Turkish substitute for a sandwich.

We often had guests. Hassam Bey, the Kaimakan of the Kaza of Kemer (Governor of the County of Kemer) frequently dined with us accompanied by Beuyuk Hanoum (big madame), his wife. He was a Circassian and my father and he were like brothers and his wife and my mother like sisters. In the winter we ate indoors. The room was heated by *mangals,* which are little stands made of copper and brass, often beautifully worked, and containing a pan of red-hot charcoal. We had no chimneys, stoves, or fireplaces in our house excepting the chimney and fire-box of the Turkish bath.

No one ever enters a Turkish house with his shoes on. These are always left at the door. I think this is superior to the

Western custom of keeping the shoes on in the house. It is easier to keep a Turkish house clean, as no dirt or mud is brought in from the outside on the shoes of its inhabitants or their guests.

A Turkish boy is taught to respect his parents, especially his father. I would never enter a room where my father was or sit down in his presence without permission. When I did sit down, it was always by kneeling and sitting on my heels. My father acted in like manner towards my grandfather till the day of his death. I do not remember having ever seen my father smoke, or drink coffee, in the presence of my grandfather. My Grandfather Mohammed was one of the great men of Kemer. When he walked by a coffee-house all rose to their feet as a sign of respect. He was a dervish of the Kadiri order. In Turkey there are many orders of dervishes. They are associations of religious men with special beliefs, doctrines and ceremonies. They are sometimes

secret and often become extremely powerful. Their nearest counterparts in the Christian world are the monastic orders. Throughout Turkey there are numerous *tekké* (monasteries) where many dervishes live, but by far the greatest number of them are scattered throughout the country in the villages and towns. My grandfather wore the costume of his order. It consisted of a black robe over which was worn a dark green cape. As head-dress he wore a white fez around which was wound an immense green turban. He was a very religious man, praying night and day and fasting often. From his room I could hear at all hours his deep voice repeating the Mohammedan creed, "La ilahé illallah Mouhammad resoul oullah." This is Arabic and means, "There is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is His prophet." To repeat this creed is another of the five great commandments of our faith. Its repetition is believed to bring to the faithful the

grace of Allah. On occasions the head of the tekké in Constantinople would come to visit my grandfather and the two would pray together for hours at a time.

Grandfather Mohammed had little sympathy with the government and would have nothing to do with its officials even when they were relatives. When any one was put in prison for debt, it delighted him to pay what the prisoner owed and thus see the poor man liberated. He did this so often that it was a common thing in Kemer when one came to collect a debt for the debtor to say, "Go collect from Pasa Bashir Karamanoglou!" Pasa Bashir was a title often applied to my grandfather. It means market director, and he inherited it from his wife's father, who held this position which brings with it the authority and responsibility of setting the prices for all commodities of general consumption such as bread and meat.

A description of how I passed a typical day as a small boy will give you a good

idea of the routine of our life. In winter we got up before dawn and went to the mosque for the first prayers of the day which come just before sunrise. In summer this would have necessitated getting up too early, so we performed our sunrise prayers in the guest-room. Father always led us in prayer. Immediately behind him stood my brother and I, and behind us my mother. In the chapter on the mosque I will explain to you in detail our method of praying. Prayer ended, we had breakfast which was almost as large a meal as dinner or supper. We often had tarhana soup which is made of flour and yoghourt. Yoghourt is a soured milk which is very popular throughout the Near and Middle East. Sometimes we had rice and milk. These were followed by jam, olives, eggs, and bread. After breakfast my father gave my brother and me an hour's instruction in the Koran. At nine o'clock we went to school. I who was going to the Mekteb-

I-Iptidiieh or school for beginners which was at the mosque, took my dinner with me and did not return until evening. I ate my dinner with the other students in the mosque courtyard after midday prayers which were performed in the mosque. Our dinner hour ended, we continued our studies until two hours before sunset when we were excused for the third prayers of the day. We returned home and just after sunset came the fourth daily prayers. Shortly after came supper which usually included pilaf with meat and some of the sweets for which Turkey is justly famous. Some of our best-known sweets are *baclava, kadaif,* and *helva.* They are extremely delicious, but it would take too much space to explain their manufacture and I do not possess an adequate vocabulary to do justice to their taste. Two hours after sunset came the fifth and final prayers of the day. In winter, supper is not usually eaten until after these final prayers.

To a Western boy the part that prayer plays in the life of a Turkish boy may seem astounding, but to us it is perfectly natural. I have already explained to you that three great commandments given by Allah through the Prophet Mohammed to the faithful are the command to give alms, the command to make the pilgrimage to Mecca, and the command to repeat the creed. The fourth is the command to pray five times daily.

You will note that our whole daily program is regulated according to the position of the sun. The Turkish method of keeping time is based entirely on the sun's apparent daily movements and not on the yearly movement of the earth around the sun as is the case with the system of time-keeping in the West. At sunset our day ends, and one o'clock in Turkey is one hour after sunset. As the sun sets at a different time every day, those who own clocks or watches must set them daily. However, this is not a

great inconvenience, as few of the people of Turkey possess timepieces. This method of relying on the sun as a chronometer may not be suitable for a country where the skies are often cloudy, but in Turkey where the sun shines brightly most of the year it works quite well. It may be of interest to the reader to know that in the large cities they often have two town-clocks, one showing the time according to the Turkish system and the other according to the Western system. The one is called time "à la Turkya," and the other, "à la Franka." The reason for this latter name is that Turkey's first intimate contact with Western culture and science was through the French.

CHAPTER III

THE MOSQUE

As you enter a Turkish town, the most prominent object is always the mosque. With its large dome towered over by a slender minaret it has an important place in the Turkish landscape. It occupies a still more important place in the life of the community.

The mosque is primarily for prayer but it has other functions. Here in the buildings surrounding it and within its courtyard are the Mekteb-I-Iptidiieh, as well as the Medresé (religious seminary) which is presided over by the mufti. Here, too, the *mektubji* (public letter-writer) makes his headquarters. To him come all the illiterate of the town (ninety per cent of the inhabitants of Turkey are illiterate) when they wish a letter read or

written. As courtship in Turkey is entirely in the hands of parents, the mektubji profits little from the writing of love-letters. No doubt if he practised his profession in an illiterate Western land he would gain much from this type of work. Since the Revolution of 1908 the mosque is used as the place of voting. Also in times of disaster or war it is often turned into a hospital or barracks.

When I was five years old my father brought me to the Mekteb-I-Iptidiieh of the Djami Keber (big mosque). We had six mosques in Kemer and this was the largest of them all. On turning me over to the teacher, Hadji Hafiz Houssein Effendi (Hafiz is a title conferred on any one who has memorized the entire Koran. The Koran is about the same in length as the New Testament.), my father said, "The flesh and blood of Ahmed now belong to you. With them you may do as you like. Only his bones remain to me." This is the Turkish way

of saying, "I give you my boy. His character and development are in your hands. Make of him a great and good man." However, I often believe that Hafiz Houssein took my father's words literally, for he often beat me with a large stick, as if my flesh were in very truth his property.

Hafiz Houssein had also been the teacher of my father. He was more than eighty years old. He rode to school each morning on a white donkey which was said to be the oldest four-footed creature in Kemer. Every day one boy was delegated to take care of the donkey. He was excused from all lessons and was supposed to stay in the courtyard looking after his charge. Often the boy would tire of his responsibilities and run away to play. If he failed to return before Hafiz Houssein discovered his absence, he was in for a severe punishment. He would be put on his back on the floor and his bare feet held up in the air. Then

the old teacher would take a stout cane and beat the boy on the soles of his feet. Many times after such punishment I was forced to crawl on all fours to the road outside of the mosque and beg one of the laborers of my father who happened to pass with a donkey to take me home. I never complained to either my father or mother and they never inquired as to the cause of the sudden loss of my power to walk. They understood, and no doubt thought me justly punished.

The only thing that Hafiz Houssein taught us was the Koran. There were about ninety boys and girls in our class and all day long we sat on the cane matting that covered the hall with our feet crossed under us and shouted as loud as possible verses from the Koran, simultaneously moving our bodies back and forth in time with our voices. The Koran is in Arabic, and because it is believed to consist of the exact words of Allah to the Prophet Mohammed, it is not permissible

to translate it into any other language. So you can imagine ninety little boys and girls memorizing day after day a lot of unintelligible sounds. Occasionally our teacher would explain to us the meaning of a verse, but this was not necessary, as the repetition of the words, regardless as to whether you know their meaning, is believed to have great merit in the eyes of Allah.

Perhaps a short story of the founding and growth of Mohammedanism would be of value here. It will be helpful for an understanding of Turkish life.

About the year A. D. 570, Mohammed, the founder of our religion, was born in Mecca. Mecca had already been for many years a holy city. The people of Arabia worshipped stars and mountains and even trees and stones. In Mecca there was a temple known as the Kaaba. The corner stone of this temple was a meteorite which was worshipped as a god, in fact as the most powerful of all the gods. Therefore

PILGRIMS IN MOSQUE AT MECCA.
The "Kaaba" is the temple in the middle, covered with the black cloth.

every year for a certain length of time peace was declared among all the warring tribes and everybody who could went on a pilgrimage to Mecca to worship the meteorite god and the other gods in the Kaaba. In his youth Mohammed, who was an orphan, also worshipped the many gods of the Arabs. It is said he worked as a shepherd boy, but we know definitely that early in his young manhood he entered the employ of a rich widow named Khadija. He made many voyages with the caravans of his rich employer into Yemen and Syria. Here he met the Jews and members of some of the early Christian sects that were common in that part of the world in those days. While still a young man he married his employer Khadija, and until his fortieth year he lived quietly with his wife and family. At this time he became dissatisfied with the religion of his people and began to formulate a new faith for himself. His life took on a mystic quality. He had

visions and composed poetry which he said was revealed to him by an angel. The central idea of his new faith was the belief in what he called the "One True God." He told his wife and close friends of his convictions and converted them to his belief. He began to preach in public. He attacked the idolatry of his countrymen. He preached of the future life and of punishment in hell for evil-doers and the reward of paradise for all believers in the "One True God." For ten years he preached, being especially active in the pilgrimage season when Mecca was crowded with thousands of pilgrims from all over Arabia. Mohammed spoke of the prophets of the Old Testament and of Jesus. He had no doubt learned of these from the Jews and Christians he had met in his travels. Finally he claimed to be a prophet and the voice of the "One True God." He was making a great impression on the pilgrims. The citizens of Mecca began to see the destruction of the

city as the pilgrimage center due to this man who was destroying the faith of the people in the pagan gods. They planned to kill him, but Mohammed learning of their intention escaped, fleeing to Medina, a city north of Mecca and on the caravan route to Syria, where many converts to the "One True God" lived.

The flight (Hegira) took place in the year 622 and it is from this event that the Mohammedan calendar dates, the year of the Hegira being the year one. Mohammed preached the doctrine of submission to the will of Allah (One True God). In Arabic the verb to submit is "Islam," therefore the religion of Mohammed is known as Islam, and one who submits himself to Allah is known as a Moslem.

Mohammed and the people of Medina fought with the people of Mecca for a number of years until Mohammed finally conquered, and in 629 he returned to Mecca as its master. From that time up to his death in 632 at the age of sixty-two

his power gradually increased until he became master of all Arabia. Mohammed's successors proved to be great soldiers. In one hundred and twenty years they conquered Syria, Egypt, Armenia, Turkestan, North Africa, and Spain. In the year 750 A. D. the Moslem Empire was greater in extent than the Roman Empire had been in the heyday of its glory. This in great brevity is the story of the last of the prophets, as Mohammed called himself.

At noon our recitation was interrupted by the *muezzin* (holy crier) calling the faithful to prayer. He stood on a balcony high up on the minaret and in a trained voice of great beauty gave his call: "Allah eekber, Allah eekber, eish hadon inné la ilahé illallah, eish hadon inné la ilahé illalah, eish hadon Mohammed resould oullah, hayyalesselah, hayyalesselah, hazzalelfelah, hazzalelfelah." It consists of the Moslem creed "God is great, God is great, there is no God but Allah and

Mohammed is his Prophet," followed by "Hurry to prayer! Hurry to prayer! Hurry to redemption! Hurry to redemption!" At the end of the call for sunrise prayer the phrase, "Eesselat khaienn min ennewn," which means, "Prayer is better than sleep," is repeated twice. The muezzin serves the same purpose as the Christian church-bell.

Hafiz Houssein dismissed all his pupils and they went into the courtyard to prepare themselves for prayer. In the courtyard of every mosque there is a fountain where the faithful wash before presenting themselves to Allah. The rules for washing are very exact. First you must wash your hands, mouth, nose, and face; each three times. This is followed by washing the arms to the elbows, the head, and the neck; each once. Finally the ablutions are ended by washing the feet three times. There are many regulations in regard as to just how the washing should be done and as to the water to be used. For ex-

ample, one cannot use water from which a cat, dog, mouse, or donkey has drunk, as these are unclean animals. If a horse, cow, or ox has drunk of the water it makes no difference, as these are clean animals. The reason for washing before prayers is not hygienic. Cleanliness in the sense of being free from dirt has nothing to do with it, although it does have this practical result. As you will see later, Moslems believe in demons, angels, genii, evil spirits, etc., and by the ceremony of washing before prayer it is believed that these are thrust aside and a man can thus come in direct contact with Allah.

Our ablutions completed, we all followed Hafiz Houssein into the mosque. We removed our shoes at the entrance and carried them in our hand. The floor was covered with rugs carefully arranged in rows leading up to the Mihrab, an alcove in one wall indicating the direction to Mecca. When a Moslem prays he must always face the Holy City. We placed

our shoes in long, low boxes provided for that purpose and standing in regular rows we waited for the immam to give the signal to begin.

There is a unit of prayer which I will now describe. We have been ordered by Allah to offer four units for Him and six units for Mohammed every midday. We began our prayer standing up, looking straight ahead, and by saying in Turkish, "My purpose is to perform midday prayers as Allah commands in four parts." Then we said in Arabic, "Allah eekber" (God is supreme), raising our hands to our ears to signify that we put all material things aside. Next we crossed our hands over the belly below the navel, the right hand over the left and grasping the left wrist with the thumb and small finger. The girls crossed their hands on their chests. It is interesting to note in this connection that when we bury our dead we dig the grave of a man to the height of his navel and that of a woman

to the height of her chest. Guarding this position, we repeated one of the many prayers of Mohammed which have come down to us and then a verse from the Koran. The latter preceded as always by "Bismillah ir rahman ir rahim" (In the name of God, the Merciful, the Forgiving). Then we recited the Fahtiah. This is the most famous of all Moslem prayers. It forms the first chapter of the Koran and holds in Mohammedanism the same position that the Lord's Prayer holds in Christianity. It is very beautiful in the Arabic. The following translation unfortunately lacks much of the beauty of the original:

"Praise be to God, the Lord of all creatures,
The most Compassionate of the Merciful,
King of the Judgment Day.
Thee do we worship and of Thee do we ask guidance.
Lead us in the true path,
In the way of those on whom is Thy Grace.
Not in the path of those on whom is Thy Wrath,
Nor in that of those who have gone astray."

The Fahtiah was followed by another short verse from the Koran, and then we bent over, putting our hands on our knees and keeping our back straight. In this position we repeated three times, "Subhan Allah" (I praise Allah) and then rose keeping our hands at our sides. Continuing we said, "Semmiah Allah hou limen hamideh" (Who praises Allah, Allah hears his praise) and immediately falling upon our knees and touching the ground with our foreheads we remained thus until we had said three times, "Elhamdon lillah" (I praise God). We repeated this another three times after rising to our knees and again touching our foreheads to the ground. We then rose to our feet. This ended one unit of prayer. We repeated it four times for Allah and six times for Mohammed. Before rising to our feet at the end of the last unit we turned to the right and to the left and said to our neighbors, "Selamoun aleikoum" (Peace and mercy

upon you). They replied, "Aleikoum es selam" (On you be peace). Our prayers ended, we went out into the court-yard to eat lunch.

The schedule of prayer units for the other prayers of the day are as follows: morning prayers, two units for Allah and two for Mohammed; prayers two hours before sunset, four units for Allah and four for Mohammed; sunset prayers, three units for Allah and two for Mohammed; and prayers two hours after sunset, four units for Allah and six for Mohammed. At this last period three voluntary units are usually offered for Allah.

You may wonder to what extent this schedule is lived up to. In my home and in the home of all my relatives it was religiously observed. Not a single prayer was missed except for sickness or accident, and then on the first occasion additional prayers were offered with the request to Allah that he accept them in recompense

THE MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA.
Stamboul.

THE ANCIENT HIPPODROME OF BYZANTIUM.
Stamboul.

for those missed. If any one should allow a long period to pass without performing his devotions, he was forced by public opinion and social pressure to go to the mufti who ordered him to fast so many days or to give so much alms to make up for his omissions.

After two years in the class of Hafiz Houssein I was advanced to the class of Hafiz Taiib Tahir where I remained two years more. In this class there were no girls, as their education was supposed to be completed when they had memorized some verses of the Koran. In the class of Hafiz Taiib we studied geography, history, arithmetic, and reading. In all there were about seventy boys. Of at least a thousand Turkish boys in Kemer, only this number received even the scant education of the Mekteb-I-Iptidiieh. This cannot be ascribed to the expense, as each boy has only to pay weekly one egg and a metalik (one cent) or its equivalent in wood, vegetables, or fruit.

CHAPTER IV

STORIES AND GAMES

We Turks are great story-tellers. Our lives are leisurely ones and we pass much of our time in telling and listening to stories. Every district has its own legends, and then there are tales of a more national character. Being a simple people, our stories are seldom intricate. The characters are shepherds, farmers, hodjas, bandits, and merchants, and the incidents are drawn from every-day life. Almost every story has some simple philosophical content.

A great many stories are told of Nasreddin Hodja, who is presented as partly clown, partly rogue, and partly philosopher. He is supposed to have some reality in history. It is said that he was the friend and adviser of the great Tartar

chief, Tamerlane, who overran Asia Minor in the fourteenth century.

One day this Nasreddin Hodja bought a donkey. He decided he would teach the donkey to live without food. For ten days he did not feed it and as a result the poor beast died. A passing friend, seeing the Hodja standing over the dead animal, inquired as to what had happened. The Hodja mournfully replied, "I was trying to teach my donkey to get along without food and just when he had learned how, he died."

On another occasion he had gone into a field to steal some cabbages and was carrying on his back a sack full of them when the owner of the field arrived. "Hodja, what are you doing here?" inquired the farmer. The Hodja answered: "I was taking a walk when the wind blew and I grabbed hold of the cabbages so as not to be blown away. Unfortunately they all came out by the roots." "But how did they get into your bag?" asked

the owner. "That is just what I myself was wondering," was the reply.

Another day Nasreddin Hodja borrowed a cauldron from his neighbors and after keeping it a while returned it with a saucepan inside. "What is this?" they asked. "The cauldron had a baby while it was in my house," answered the Hodja. A few days later he borrowed the cauldron again but did not return it for some time. The neighbors went to him and asked for it. Nasreddin Hodja informed them that it was dead. "Dead!" they cried. "How can a cauldron die? Hurry and give it back to us!" "Ah! Hypocrites!" said the Hodja. "You were willing enough to believe when I told you it had a baby, but must not that which brings forth also die? Your cauldron is dead, I tell you."

Once Nasreddin Hodja's friends came to borrow his donkey. He told them that the donkey was not at home. Just then a loud braying was heard from the stable.

The friends said, "Why did you deceive us, Hodja? The donkey is there." "By Allah!" replied Nasreddin. "What fools there are in the world. They will believe a donkey, when they will not believe a hodja."

On still another occasion Nasreddin Hodja was eating cucumbers by the roadside. He peeled them very thickly. "Let whoever passes this way afterwards think that it was a gentleman who ate cucumbers here," he thought. When they were finished he collected the peels and scraped them thin. "Let the passers-by imagine also that the gentleman has some servants," he said. The scrapings being finished he collected the peels again and ate them up, saying to himself, "Let them think he had a horse as well!" and he went on his way well satisfied with the impression he had left behind him.

We have many stories of the genii. Most Mohammedans believe that everybody has two genii, the good known as

Melek (angel) which stands at their right side, and the bad known as Sheitan (satan) which stands at their left. In saying our prayers alone we end by turning to the right and left and saying, "Selámoun aleikoum" ("Peace and mercy upon you"), just as if there were others praying with us, and we explain this by saying that our good and bad genii are on either side of us and a wise and holy man is respectful towards them. Both the good and the bad genii are supposed to be under the command of Allah who uses them as instruments in accomplishing his will in this world. A very good example of how strong a grip this belief in genii has on the people of Turkey is given by an incident that happened in my father's vineyard.

In this vineyard there was a pear-tree that bore very poor fruit. The pears were small, hard, and sour. This tree had the reputation of being the tree of a bad genie who was responsible for most of the

sickness in the country. It was a common thing for people who were ill to come to the tree and nail an onion to the trunk in the hope of pleasing the genie, who was reputed to be fond of onions and willing to withdraw his curse which was the cause of sickness from those who fed him his favorite vegetable. Sometimes there were as many as forty or fifty onions sticking in the trunk of this tree. One day while my father and I were visiting the vineyard, a party of six men were camped about the tree. They had slaughtered a young kid and were eating the cooked meat. The head of the kid had been nailed to the tree as a sacrifice to the genie and in the hope that a member of the party would be cured from a long illness. My father joined the group and talking to the men endeavored to convince them that their belief in the genie was illogical. He stated that he was one of the "Ulema," but they remained unimpressed. He then ordered me to chop

down the tree. I obeyed him in spite of the angry protests of all the men. Seeing their complaints could not change my father's determination to destroy the tree, they left, calling upon him the illness of their sick comrade and predicting both our deaths in a short time because we had destroyed the tree of the genie.

A very famous story often told in the country about Kemer and in which the genii play an important part has to do with Mt. Ida, which is known in Turkish as Kas Dahl or Goose Mountain. According to this story, a band of thieves lived on the mountain-top. Their chief was Kara Mustafa who loved Melika the daughter of Taih Deda (Saint Taih), a very holy man. Taih refused to give his daughter to the bandit chief and the latter attacked the village where they lived, but was unable to abduct Melika because the angels came and fought on her father's side. An old woman of the village who hated Taih Deda then went

to Kara Mustafa and informed him that Taih Deda had a great fear of fire. She suggested that the bandits attack the village at night under cover of a flock of goats to whose horns flaming torches should be attached. She offered to guide Mustafa directly to Melika after his entrance into the village.

The robbers accepted the old woman's counsel and started down from the mountain-top one very dark night driving ahead of them the goats with their flaming torches. Taih Deda seeing them coming died of fright, but Melika courageously went out to meet them. She waved her hand back and forth and said, "May Allah turn you to stone!" Immediately the goats and robbers stood petrified before her. Kneeling down, she offered thanks to Allah and asked him to turn her also to stone so that she could stand among the robbers and goats throughout the ages as a proof of Allah's justice and power. At this moment a flock of geese

flew among the petrified men and goats and brought them back to life. The geese were genii in disguise, and under the leadership of the genie of a girl who loved Kara Mustafa. Melika on arising from her prayer saw the men and goats running away. She again waved her hand and repeated, "May Allah turn you to stone!" The robbers and goats had already escaped but the geese were petrified along with Melika. Allah had granted both her prayer and her request. To-day if you go to the summit of Kas Dahl you can see the stones which resemble the geese, and among them one resembling a maiden. Every year all the girls of the villages make a pilgrimage to the mountain-top and pray for St. Melika who asked to be turned to stone so the world could know that Allah is just and powerful.

Another very popular story in Kemer about the genii explains the origin of the pine-tree on the Modia Mountains and

of the pine-nuts which we prize highly, using them in both pilaf and helva, our two most popular dishes.

Once upon a time on top of the Modia Mountains there was a great battle between all the good and all the bad genii. After a long and difficult struggle, the good genii were victorious, having succeeded in killing all the bad. The ground was completely covered with the bodies of the bad genii. It was impossible to bury them and in the warm sunshine millions of tumble-bugs began to collect about the bodies. Thereupon the king of the good genii waved his hand and all the bodies of the bad genii changed into pine-trees and all the tumble-bugs into pine-nuts.

We have many proverbs in Turkey, in fact as a people we are very fond of them, and I believe they are often more expressive than their English equivalents. For example, you say, "He killed two birds with one stone." But we say, "He cleaned the candlestick to butter the rice."

A few other characteristic proverbs are "How much the poor foot has to suffer from the foolish head," and "What do I care that the world is wide, if my own shoe is narrow."

Short humorous anecdotes are also extremely popular with us. The following is a good sample of these. One day a camel was asked why his neck was crooked. He replied, "I wonder what part of my body *is* straight."

Games for a Turkish boy really begin when he enters the Mekteb Rushdi (school of adolescence). This took place for me when I was nine years old and I remained there until I was twelve. The work in this school is more interesting than that of the Mekteb-I-Iptidiieh and there is more liberty for play. Here we studied geography, history, arithmetic, civics, reading, and writing. In addition we had daily one and one-half hours' study in the Koran and one hour's study of religious law. In the Mekteb Rushdi

there were some Greek boys, and they were excused during these periods. The Greeks had their own school, but some of the boys came to our school to learn Turkish. There were about sixty boys in the Mekteb Rushdi and we had two teachers.

We played many of the games that the boys of America play such as Leap Frog, Blind Man's Buff, Follow the Leader, Hot Hand, Prisoners' Base, and Swat Tag. We call the latter game *Kaddir* (mule) and I think our form of it is more interesting than that common in America. We drive a stick in the ground and attach to it a rope about five yards long. The boy who is " it " takes the end of this rope and the rest of the boys each have a " swat," consisting of a stocking, a towel, or an old cloth, which at the beginning of the game are placed around the stick. When the game begins each boy rushes in and grabs his " swat," and endeavors to strike the boy holding the end of the rope

with it. The latter tries to kick the swatting boys, and if he succeeds the boy he kicks becomes "it" and the game begins again.

To an American boy used to baseball our most popular ball-game would seem tame. At the two ends of a court we place stones each guarded by two boys. A boy of one team strikes the ball towards the opposing team. The boy receiving the ball tries to hit the stone of the "strikers" from the place of recovery. When he succeeds in doing this, those on his team become the "strikers."

Another game which was very popular with us was Ousum Eshek (long donkey). In this game about five boys play on a side. The captain of one team stands with his back to a wall and the other members of his team bend over, the first one putting his head against the captain's stomach, the second against the rear of the first boy, the third against the rear of the second and so on. This team makes

up the long donkey. The opposing team are the riders. They all rush and jump on the back of the long donkey. The captain of the riders jumps near the head of the donkey which is represented by the captain of the donkey team. After all the riders are mounted their captain must count thirty before taking a breath. If he falls to the ground, or if any of the other riders do so, the donkey team and the riders change places.

All these games were only for boys. Old folks did not take them seriously. However, this was not the case with the two great national sports of Turkey, wrestling and dancing. On all important festivals there were wrestling and dancing contests. When the son of a rich man was to marry, the father sent invitations throughout the whole country inviting all the wrestlers and dancers to come and compete for prizes. In this way he provided amusement for his guests.

Our wrestlers use the catch-as-catch-

can style of wrestling and cover their bodies with olive oil before they enter the ring. Every Turkish boy is taught to wrestle, and if he is proficient in this sport he is extremely proud of it. We also have many interesting dances. Only the men dance in public. They are usually accompanied by music from a drum somewhat resembling an Indian tom-tom. The steps are quite intricate, and when the dancers are dressed in their festival clothes of many colors they present a beautiful sight.

Nearly every boy in Turkey has a fighting cock or drake. In the winter time we passed a great deal of our time in training them and in arranging and conducting matches. The matches are often quite humorous. One bird will appear to be practically defeated and the owner of its opponent already gloating over the prospect of certain victory when the apparently defeated bird, after being submerged in cold water (this is permitted

by the rules of the game) will be revived to such an extent that it routs its rival in short order.

Once each winter the government would conduct at Kemer a great camel-fighting tournament. The receipts from this event were used towards the purchasing of ships for the Turkish navy. About a mile out of town in a broad open field a great ring about one hundred yards in diameter was roped off. Into this were turned two male camels with their mouths strapped shut. This precaution was taken to prevent the camels from killing one another. A camel is an extremely valuable animal and if there were danger of the camels being killed but few camel owners would enter their animals in the contest. The camels would rush at each other with great force striking with their heads, feet and necks. The battle would last often for an hour and occasionally longer. Finally one camel would admit himself defeated by running away. The owner of the victori-

ous camel would then conduct it through the crowd of spectators who would bestow gifts of embroidered handkerchiefs, sweets, and money upon the owner. In a single day as many as ten contests would take place. Often the camel fights were varied by contests between two rams.

A Caravan in Asia Minor.

CHAPTER V

FESTIVALS

We have many festivals, and in describing them to you, so as not to forget any, I will begin with New Year's and tell of each succeeding festival as it comes in the calendar. The Moslem year differs greatly from that of the Western peoples. It has twelve lunar months and a total of only 354 days, being eleven days shorter than the solar year. As previously stated, our calendar dates from the Hegira or flight of Mohammed from Mecca to Medina which took place in A. D. 622. In 1922, 1,300 solar years after the Hegira, our calendar reads 1340. Thus in 1,300 years we have gained forty years on the Western calendar or about one year in every thirty-three. It may interest you to know that A. D. 20,526 and A. H.

(After Hegira) 20,536 will be partly coincident.

Regulating our calendar by the moon instead of the sun brings the same festival at all seasons. For example, our New Year's does not come regularly in the winter like yours, that is if you live in the Northern Hemisphere, but in a period of thirty-three years it makes a cycle of the four seasons. This would work quite a hardship on manufacturers of New Year's cards, as they would have continually to change their designs and verses. However, as New Year's cards are not known in Turkey, no one is inconvenienced. The names of the months in our calendar are in Arabic, and some have a seasonal meaning, as the beginning of spring, second spring, beginning of summer, second summer, etc. These meanings refer to the first year of our calendar. To-day the month bearing the name "beginning of summer" may come in the middle of the winter.

New Year's is known to us as Yil Basher (year head) and is not an important festival. The first really important festival is Yevmi Ashurer (day of sweet soup) which comes ten days later. On this day Noah is supposed to have left the ark and, more important for Moslems, it is the day that Houssein, the son of Ali and Mohammed's grandson by his daughter Fatima, was killed. On this day and succeeding days until the end of the second month of the year we are ordered to share Allah's gifts with others, therefore every family makes *ashurer* (sweet soup) of sugar, barley, corn, and chick-peas and invites its neighbors to come and partake of it with them. Every person has a different day assigned to him by custom. As our family were descendants of the original governor of the province, it was our customary privilege to offer ashurer on the first day. According to tradition, Houssein was killed in the desert and died in thirst, crying out for water. There-

fore good Moslems do not drink much water during this month, and only drink from clay pots. Some devout old women hardly drink at all. In Persia and Arabia where the people are largely of a different sect of Mohammedans than we in Turkey (a sect known as the Shiahs, while we are known as Sunnees) the tenth day of Mouharem (the first month of the year) is a much more important festival. The men go about striking their bodies and crying, "Ah! Houssein! Ah! Houssein!" over and over again. They also parade through the streets each wearing a white apron with blood flowing upon it from a self-inflicted cut in the forehead.

During Seffer (the second month of the year) no one can marry, because it was in this month that Hassan, the elder brother of Houssein, was poisoned.

On the twelfth day of Rabi-ul-Avel, the third month, is the birthday of Mohammed. The town-crier goes about informing the inhabitants that at two hours

after midday prayers a rich citizen invites them all to the mosque. When everybody is assembled in the mosque, songs celebrating the birth of Mohammed are sung. These songs are over four hundred years old and were written by the famous Turkish poet, Souleiman Cheliby. After some singing, the hodja dressed in white brings forth on a small table a package of silk handkerchiefs. There are forty in all, and in the very center is a small glass vial supposedly containing a hair from Mohammed's beard. As the hodja removes the handkerchiefs, the people sing. When the handkerchiefs are all removed and the vial finally exposed, each one comes forward, kisses the vial and touches his forehead with it. After this ceremony is completed, sweet sirups are offered to all at the expense of the wealthy man who is host for the day. The reason sirups are drunk is because, according to a tradition, Emina, the mother of Mohammed, was given sirups by an angel and immediately

after she drank them Mohammed was born. At night the minarets of all the mosques are illuminated with many lamps. During the remainder of this month and the whole of the next the songs in the mosque are repeated daily and a different citizen acts as host every day, providing the necessary sweet sirups. Thus the people are entertained.

On the fifteenth day of Djemer-zil-evel, the fifth month, is Lélé-I-Ragaib (night of annunciation). It was on this night that an angel announced to Emina, the mother of Mohammed, that she was to give birth to a prophet of Allah. Special prayers are offered and the minarets are again illuminated.

The next month, Djemer-zil-ahir, is the first of the three months of preparation for Ramazan, the holiest month of our year and corresponding somewhat to the Christian Lent. During this month and the two succeeding ones many women fast from sunrise to sunset on Thursdays

and Fridays, because it may be impossible for them to fast during Ramazan.

On the fifth day of Resheb, which is the seventh month, is the Lélé-I-Mirach (night of ascension). It was on this night that Mohammed is supposed to have ascended into heaven and prayed before Allah, whose face was hidden by a cloud. It is recorded in the Koran that on this occasion Mohammed saw Jesus sitting at the right hand of Allah and Moses at the left. This night there are extra prayers and the minarets are again illuminated.

The next month is Shaban and on the fifth day comes Lélé-I-Beraet (night of forgiveness). On this night Allah is believed to review the sins of all and to make the decision as to their fate during the coming year. Many people pray all night. The minarets are again illuminated. This is the last festival before Ramazan.

On the last day of Shaban towards sunset some inhabitants go off into the mountains to look for the moon. Others climb

to the tops of trees or to the roofs of houses for the same purpose. The reason for this is that as soon as the moon is seen the month of Ramazan begins. As soon as any one sees the moon he hurries to the mufti and says, "I am a good Moslem and I have seen the moon this night," whereupon the mufti tells the muezzin who then calls from the minaret, "To-morrow is Ramazan! To-morrow is Ramazan!" The town criers go about the city repeating the same words. Drums are sounded and cannons are exploded to tell the faithful that the holy month has begun.

We have been ordered in the Koran to fast during the month of Ramazan from sunrise to sunset. This does not merely mean that we cannot take food while the sun is above the horizon but also that we cannot drink, smoke, or even smell of a flower. When Ramazan comes in winter it is not difficult to live up to Allah's command, as the days are short and cool. But

during summer, especially if Ramazan comes just at the time of the harvest, much suffering is experienced. To work all day in the fields under a hot sun without food or water is enough to overcome the strongest of men. I have known workmen of my father suffering from hunger and thirst, to throw their hot, perspiring bodies into a pool of water for relief from the tropical sun, but not allow a single drop of water to pass their lips.

With the setting of the sun the fast turns into a feast. Every house has its visitors. Great meals are prepared. Everybody eats more than is good for him. There are many special Ramazan dishes, and it is during this month that a Turkish housewife is called upon to demonstrate her skill as a cook.

The eating is accompanied by music and dancing and what for me was always more enjoyable, a Kara-geuz show. This resembles somewhat your Punch and Judy, but instead of dolls we have cardboard

figures which throw their shadows on a white screen behind which is a brilliant light. Kara-geuz is our national buffoon and the leading character in these shadow plays. Many are the hours of laughter he has given me. The story of the origin of the Kara-geuz show is quite interesting. According to this story there was a Pasha (this is a title given by the Sultan to men of power and influence) who was building a palace. Among his workmen there was one who, no matter what he did or said, made every one laugh. As he had large black eyes he was called Kara-geuz (black eye). His antics kept the other workmen in such a continual uproar of laughter that no progress was made in the construction of the palace. The Pasha therefore dismissed Kara-geuz so that the work could go ahead. However, Kara-geuz did not leave the place. He simply stopped work and sat about doing nothing. His mere presence again set the workers to laughing incessantly.

The Pasha fearing that the palace would never be finished ordered Kara-geuz killed so as to put him permanently out of the way. His orders were immediately put into effect and Kara-geuz was beheaded. Immediately a great sadness came over all the workmen as well as the Pasha himself. All the joy had apparently gone out of life. No one showed any interest in his work. They missed the laughter that Kara-geuz had caused. Therefore the Pasha in order to revive the spirits of both himself and his workmen ordered that the shadow of Kara-geuz should be immortalized. Thus began the Kara-geuz show, and to-day the shadow of Kara-geuz brings laughter regularly to all the inhabitants of the Near East.

The evening's entertainment usually comes to an end towards midnight, when everybody steals a few hours of sleep. In the early hours of the morning it begins again. However, with the coming of dawn the revelry stops entirely. The

drums and cannons are sounded and everybody prepares himself for the first prayer of the day.

On the twenty-seventh of Ramazan is the Lélé-I-Kadir (night of power). This is the most important religious date in the Moslem year. On this night Moslems believe that Allah sent down the Koran to the lowest of the seven heavens from where it was given to Mohammed in revelations as he needed it, that Moses received the ten commandments from Allah, that Christ rose from the dead, and that Allah finished the creation of the world and made Adam and Eve. The mosques are crowded as on no other occasion in the entire year. The prayers continue late into the night and the feasting this night is broken by no sleep but continues uninterrupted right up till the moment when the sun shows its edge on the horizon.

Ramazan ended, the first three days of Sheval, the succeeding month, are given over to general merry-making. This pe-

riod is known as Sheker (sugar) Bairam, or as Ramazan Bairam to distinguish it from Kourban (sacrifice) Bairam, of which we will speak a little later. These two festivals are the great merry-making occasions in our life. During Sheker Bairam visits are made from one village to another. There is a great deal of dancing and wrestling and all present their friends with candy and sweets. It is at this time that children receive gifts from their parents and relatives. As a children's festival, Sheker Bairam is the most similar to Christmas of any festival in the Moslem year.

I remember a very dramatic romance which developed in a village near Kemer as a result of a visit made there by some young men during Sheker Bairam. These young men left Kemer one evening with their musical instruments to sing and dance in a near-by village. During the festivities one of them discovered that a young lady was steadily looking at him.

Her veil hid her entire face except her eyes, but these were very beautiful and seemed to regard him lovingly. The next day the young man managed to meet this young lady as she was going to the village spring for water. He spoke to her and asked her to remove her veil. Being quite sure that no one was about she did so for an instant. That instant was sufficient for the young man to fall passionately in love with her. On returning to Kemer he asked his father to visit the girl's parents and to request their daughter as a wife for his son. His father did so, but learned that the girl was already promised to a young man of her own village. This young man was then approached and asked to give up his claim on the girl. He refused to do so. Whereupon the Kemer young man gathered his friends about him, armed them, and together they rode one evening, mounted on fast horses, to the village. They entered the beloved one's house by force and carried her away. In

leaving the village there was a slight skirmish in which the young lady's fiancé was wounded. I recall hearing the band singing on their return as they passed through the arch formed by our house and which spanned the road entering Kemer. The next day our father told us the whole story. The young lady was hidden with relatives of her lover until preparations for the marriage could be made. Her fiancé was warned that it would be dangerous for him to try to recover her. He made no effort to do so, and the aggressive lover from Kemer married his heart's choice about a month later.

There are many humorous stories of Ramazan. The combining of the humorous with the religious may seem in bad taste from a Westerner's viewpoint, but we regard it as quite natural. The following is a story that is often told. On a hot day in Ramazan a Moslem was going on foot from one village to another. He was accompanied by a Jew and a Chris-

tian. The Moslem was fasting, as his religion required. The Jew and Christian were also fasting, but for the more worldly reason that they had no food. Towards evening they came to a small cabin where they were received by an old man. He said, "You may remain here for the night. I have a well with good water, a little bread and a few olives, and some baclava (a Turkish sweet)." The travellers thanked him for his hospitality and sat down to eat. They first ate the bread and olives and were about to eat the baclava when the Moslem said, "Let us keep the baclava till morning and then whoever has had the best dream during the night will eat it all." The Jew and Christian agreed and all three went to sleep. The following morning they proceeded to tell each other their dreams. The Christian said, "I dreamt that I met Jesus Christ and that he showed me through Paradise." The Jew said, "I dreamt that I met Moses who brought me before

Jehovah." The Moslem said, "I dreamt that I met Mohammed who whispered in my ear, 'There is a plate of baclava on the table. Don't be a fool! Get up and eat it!' Now, gentlemen, you couldn't expect me to disobey my prophet, so I rose and ate the baclava."

There is another good story which illustrates this custom of occasionally referring to religious things in a humorous manner. There are supposedly one hundred names that Mohammed applied to Allah. Of these he told ninety-nine to his followers, but guarded the hundredth as a great secret. This hundredth name is believed to be a magical one which if discovered will enable its discoverer to realize his greatest desires. Many Moslems have strings of ninety-nine small beads and one big one. As they recite the known names of Allah they count off the small beads. The big bead represents the unknown name, and when they come to that they usually, after a moment's

thought, recite the creed and begin the exercise all over again. Apropos of this belief and custom they tell this story.

Men had wondered for many years why the camel is so proud and holds his neck so high. They were unable to discover the reason till one day a hadji decided to ask the camel itself. To the hadji's question the camel replied, " Allah has ninety-nine names that all good Moslems know, but Mohammed guarded jealously the hundredth name of Allah. Of all the men and beasts in this world he has divulged this name to but one, and that is I. I know Allah's hundredth name. Do you still wonder why I hold my head so high? "

Shortly after Sheker Bairam, the Delil would come to our town. He is a representative of the Koraiish tribe of Arabia which governs Mecca and to which Mohammed belonged. His duty is to enlist Moslems for the pilgrimage. Our Delil was an old man and a Sheik. His name was Mohammed Salih Brindji. On his

arrival all the people of the town would turn out to bid him welcome. He was highly respected, as he was a member of the same tribe as the Prophet. All the rich men vied with one another in entertaining him and he would stay a few days at each of their houses.

The beginning of Zilkadeh, the eleventh month, the pilgrims would leave for Mecca. On the day of their departure they would gather together at the mosque. There were usually about twenty from Kemer and the surrounding villages. They were all men, with occasionally an old woman among them. Young women are not allowed to take the pilgrimage. All the town and countryside was out to see them off. In the courtyard of the mosque a great feast was prepared and everybody ate to their heart's content. Afterwards there was special prayer for the pilgrims in which Allah was asked to watch over them in their long and perilous voyage. As they left the town on

donkeys, in carts, or on foot for Smyrna and the sea, they were accompanied the first part of the way by the singing populace.

On the tenth day of the next month, Zilhidcha, the final month of the year, is Kourban (sacrifice) Bairam. It is on this day that Abraham prepared to sacrifice his son Ismail to Allah. This is according to the Koran. The Old Testament gives the name of his son as Isaac. In honor of this event every Moslem family kills a lamb and on the following four days there is music, dancing, and general merry-making. All visitors are asked to partake of the sacrificial animal. It is also on this day that the pilgrims must be in the Valley of Arafat outside of Mecca in order to qualify for the title of hadji.

This ends the festivals except for that on the occasion of the return of the pilgrims, which is liable to take place at any time during the next two months. It is seldom that they return in numbers the

same as they left. Usually some succumb to the rigors of the voyage or to epidemics that break out continually in the pilgrim camps. Their return is celebrated by practically the same ceremony as their going. There are prayers of thanks, songs and feasting. Many are the objects which the pilgrims bring back with them, perfume, holy soil from the Valley of Arafat, books of songs, strings of holy beads, bottles of Zem-zem water, and the *kefin* or pilgrim's dress in which they are buried when they die. The Zem-zem water comes from the spring, which tradition says is the one Allah caused to come forth when Hagar, wife of Abraham, was wandering in the desert with her son Ismail. This water is believed to have great powers in the curing of disease and the returned pilgrims jealously guard it, sipping of it on rare occasions.

CHAPTER VI

AGRICULTURE AND INDUSTRY

The character and mode of life of any people are largely determined by the work they do to earn a living. The great majority of the people of Asia Minor are agricultural workers, tilling the soil and tending their flocks in much the same way as their ancestors have been doing for thousands of years. As a result, their ideas, their customs and their habits bear the mark of the soil. They live close to the earth which they love and which repays them well for their labors. Governments come and go, one conqueror follows another, even religions have their vogue, rising and falling in power and influence with the changing centuries. But at the base of our society is the farmer, essentially the same throughout

AN ITINERANT FARM LABORER
Asia Minor.

VENDORS OF YOGOURT.
Asia Minor.

the ages, planting his crops with the coming of spring and harvesting them each in its turn in summer and fall. Drought, insect pests, and pillaging soldiers, he bears them all with equal fortitude. He knows they are but temporary while the life-giving soil is of all time. Therefore our people are simple, courageous, patient, credulous, kind-hearted, and generous, as you would expect people living close to mother earth to be. Unfortunately the simpleness and credulity of our people are not without their disadvantages. As I will show you in the last chapter, they have often made our people the tools of selfish and unscrupulous leaders who played upon their passions and stirred them to deeds of cruelty and horror.

The principal agricultural products of western Asia Minor are barley, wheat, sesame, raisins, olives, figs, tobacco, and all sorts of vegetables. All these were raised on my father's property, and there was nothing I enjoyed more than riding about

with him on his tours of inspection, which were especially frequent during the planting and harvesting seasons. Not far from our garden was the stable where my father kept three fine horses, one for himself, another for my brother, and the third for me. My horse's name was "Kaplan," which means "tiger." Many are the races that I have won with him. When but a very little boy I was already an expert rider. My father was even prouder of my skill as a rider than I was myself, as he had been my teacher. It was on "Kaplan" that I accompanied him about the farm.

To a Western boy, used to seeing all farming operations performed by modern machinery, our methods would seem very strange. They are indeed primitive, for in Asia Minor we still use the agricultural methods of Biblical times. We plow with oxen and use a wooden plow. We both sow and harvest our grain by hand. Much of the work is done by women. At harvest-time great numbers of families come

from the interior with their black goat-hair tents and camp in the open, every one from grandfather and grandmother to granddaughter and grandson working in the fields. Many of the men have two, three, or four wives (by Mohammedan law a man is allowed a maximum of four wives), all of whom work in the fields.

It is interesting to note that among the better classes of Moslems there are few men with more than one wife. This is largely due to the fact that the women of the better class do not work, and only a very rich man can afford to have more than a single wife. With the poor agricultural worker it is different. His wives must work, therefore instead of being a financial burden they are a financial asset. From the viewpoint of Western civilization, this attitude towards women will seem strange and perhaps cruel. It is due to a certain extent to our religion, for in Mohammedanism women do not hold the same value in the eyes of Allah as men.

However, although the Christian countries of the West do not permit polygamy they allow their women to work long hours in unhealthy factories, and even in some of the most advanced countries they do not have all the political, property, and legal rights that men do. I am happy to say that in Turkey the position of women is improving. Since the Revolution of 1908 great advances have been made and still greater ones lie in the near future.

The camp of the itinerant agricultural workers is especially interesting to visit in the evening, at the end of the day's work. Then the women are cooking the simple meal of boiled vegetables in small earthen dishes. The men lie about on their home-made rugs smoking and chatting. A few sing plaintive love songs accompanying themselves on the saz or zurna, native stringed instruments resembling a mandolin. The donkeys, on the backs of which the tents and baggage are carried, stroll about, nosing here, there,

and everywhere, and no one pays any attention to them. An occasional goat or sheep sits down alongside of its owner, while the big, fierce dogs prowl about with a hungry look in their eyes. The children, almost naked, wrestle with one another or run races. Altogether, it is a colorful and happy scene.

Most of my father's land was rented to a Circassian named Ramazana who undertook the responsibility of cultivating it and paid as rent one-half of the crop. The vegetable gardens were rented to a Greek called Yanni, who supplied our family with vegetables and paid a small sum in money.

I want to say just a few words about the various agricultural products. Turkish tobacco is famous the world over, and it is especially prized in America where the greatest quantities are consumed. Its cultivation is quite profitable. The plants grow to a height of about two to three feet and each plant bears about two dozen

leaves. These are not all picked at once, but the women go over the fields picking only those leaves on each plant that have reached full growth. After numerous pickings, only the stem remains with the ripened blossom at the top. The leaves when picked are hung with strings on long sticks which are set on racks out in the sun so the tobacco can cure. When thoroughly cured it is packed in bales and shipped by camel and boat to Smyrna, where it is graded in great warehouses before being sent out to all parts of the world. The grading is mostly done by women, and it is unhealthy, tedious, and ill-paid work.

Most of our grapes are of the "Sultana" variety and are dried and sold as raisins. When picked they are spread out on the ground to dry in the sun. The ground has been especially prepared by cleaning away all the sod and wetting the soil with a mixture of water and camel's manure, which acts as a paste, hardening

the soil and thus preventing the wind from stirring up dust. When the grapes are sufficiently dried, the chaff is removed from them by allowing them to fall from a height of ten or twelve feet to the ground, the wind blowing the lighter chaff to the side. They are then packed in bags and shipped to Smyrna where there are large warehouses. Here the raisins are put in boxes by men in bare feet who stamp upon them so that the boxes will be well filled.

Olives are the most important product of our section of Asia Minor. They are sold on the tree and harvested in November. The buyers are experts, and know just by looking at the tree how many pounds of olives will be gotten from it. The men strike the trees with sticks, knocking the olives to the ground and they are then picked up by the women. They are sent in carts or on the backs of donkeys to the various presses in Kemer where the oil is pressed out of them. We have seven

presses in Kemer. When I was a boy they were all operated by a horse on a tread-mill, but now steam-engines are used.

On the last day of the olive harvest there is a festival. The owner of the grove prepares at his expense a great feast. When all the olives have been gathered except those of one tree, the owner takes a long pole and knocks the olives off this tree. I remember very well my grandfather Mohammed Kadir doing this. The owner's family pick up the olives while the workers look on. When the olives are all gathered the workers tie the owner to the tree and his family give them money to free him. Then the family serves the workers with food, after which prayer is offered, and finally all eat together seated under the tree.

I imagine that the way we thresh our grain would seem especially queer and antiquated to a Western boy. We spread the grain out on a piece of ground from which all vegetation and loose dirt have

been removed and the sub-soil hardened by adding water, which is quickly dried up by the hot sun. We then drive over the grain in a sledge pulled by oxen or horses. In the bottom of the sledge are driven hundreds of little pieces of flint. These pulverize the straw, which is later thrown up with a wooden shovel against the wind. The grain being heavy falls directly to the ground while the lighter chaff is driven a little farther on. This process is repeated many times until all the grain has been separated from the chaff. The chaff is then put aside to feed to the stock, and the wheat is washed, the stones and dirt being picked out by hand. When I was small I enjoyed immensely riding on the sledge as it went round and round. In fact the little Turkish boys look forward to the threshing season as their Western brothers do to a visit to the amusement park and a ride on the merry-go-round.

No picture of Turkish agricultural life would be complete without some mention

of the shepherds and their flocks of sheep and goats which roam over our mountainsides. Most of the mountain land belongs to the government and any one can graze his flocks on it if he pays yearly ten piasters (fifty cents) a head.

During the summer the flocks go away up into the mountains, and as the weather grows colder they gradually descend into the valleys. The shepherds live with their families in huts made of branches of trees. They have numerous huts of this type scattered over the mountainsides, and as they move their flocks from one place to another they also move their families from one hut to another. Their belongings consist of but a few rugs and cooking utensils, so moving is not a difficult operation. The shepherds are big and powerful men and capable of standing tremendous hardships. They make wonderful soldiers, and it is they who have given the Turkish soldier his reputation for courage, strength, and the ability to endure the extreme thirst,

SLEDGE USED FOR THRESHING.
Notice the great number of pieces of flint driven into the bottom.

THE TURKISH "MERRY-GO-ROUND" IN ASIA MINOR.
The first step in threshing.

hunger, and fatigue which they have been often made to suffer by the incompetence and corruption of their officers.

From the milk of the sheep and goats a great deal of cheese is made. The most common type of cheese in our country is made in the following manner. A goat-skin is sewed into a sack with the hair on the inside. Into this sack which is hung on the branch of a tree, the milk from the flock is poured each day. Here it ferments, forming a hard white cheese which is very tasty. Many of these skins filled with cheese are sent to town each year, where they are sold, and with the money they bring the shepherds buy the things necessary to supply their simple needs.

At this point I must say a few words about bandits, because it is with the shepherds that they are most closely identified. The shepherds largely support them by giving them both food and money. Bandits have apparently always been a regular part of our population. They play a

leading part in all the stories that are handed down from one generation to another and are often the heroes of these stories. This is probably due to the fact that our government has usually been corrupt and oppressive, and the people's sympathy has naturally gone out to the outlaw who fought the authorities. Almost all the bandits that I knew of personally were men who had gotten into difficulties with the police, and in order to avoid going to prison had fled to the mountains. Here they gathered together, forming bands under the leadership of the strongest. The shepherds will not tell the police anything about them, sometimes because they are in sympathy with the bandits but more often because they know that they and members of their families may be killed if they do so. Although many of the bandits are not bad men at heart, having been forced into their profession by unfortunate circumstances, a goodly number are really cruel and desperate char-

acters who do not even possess that sense of honor that is proverbial among thieves. For financial reward they will betray their comrades to the police or will hire themselves out to the authorities, or any one who will pay them well, for the most terrible purposes. In recent years the government has made regular use of them in terrorizing and massacring the Greeks and Armenians. In this way the government could disclaim all responsibilities for the atrocities committed. Unfortunately this sort of thing exists throughout the whole Near East. The Bulgarians use these tactics against the Greeks and Turks, and the Greeks against the Bulgarian and Turks, etc., etc. In the last chapter I shall try to explain the real causes of these conditions. However, you must not think that it is only in the Near East that these unholy alliances between government officials and criminals exist.

Being an agricultural people and making use of but little machinery, the in-

dustry of our country is not very vast or complicated. The simple tools that our farmers need are made in small shops in the town. Here is also made the simple furniture and clothing that the people require. In Kemer there are innumerable shops each employing one or two men, rarely more. Each shop manufactures at the most one or two articles, using the methods of their ancestors. If you strolled through one of these streets you would see cobblers, tinsmiths, blacksmiths, wagon-makers, tailors, cabinet-makers, rug-weavers, upholsterers, soap-makers, and potters all at their tasks, the fronts of their shops wide open so that at one glance you can see the entire process of manufacture going on. The wood-worker turns his lathe by foot-power as does the potter his wheel. Innumerable boys of all sizes and ages run about performing all the menial tasks. By diligence and hard work they may some day have a shop of their own, if before they grow up great fac-

A Rug Factory.
Asia Minor.

tories do not invade our land, in which case they will no doubt tend some great machine, performing the same monotonous operation over and over again to the profit of some owner of stock in the factory who lives luxuriously in a far-off land, knowing nothing and caring as little of the human soul whose toil supports him.

CHAPTER VII

CEREMONIES

The ceremonies that mark the great epochs in a man's life differ greatly in the various countries, but usually have some points of resemblance. In this chapter I shall try to picture for you the ceremonies in Turkey that accompany such milestones in our lives as birth, marriage, and death.

There is no ceremony actually connected with the birth of a child, but that associated with the naming of a baby takes place shortly after. It is a very simple ceremony. About a week after the baby is born the hodja is invited to the house. He is feasted and usually does not allow this occasion to eat heartily slip by. After having eaten to his satisfaction, he takes the baby into his lap and recites into its

ear the Moslem creed followed by " Your name is Ahmed," or whatever the parents have chosen to call their baby. This is repeated three times and the ceremony is ended.

I think I can best describe to you the marriage ceremony and the formalities of courtship by telling you of the courtship and marriage of my cousin Zia Bey.

Zia Bey was the son of Houssein Bey, a rich landowner, and of my father's sister Zakia. His marriage took place in 1910 which was after the Revolution and when women of the higher classes often went unveiled. He married Sedika Hanoum, the daughter of Mustafa Bey who was the Takrihat Mudiri (directing secretary) of the Kaza (province) of Aivali, a town about thirty-five kilometers south of Kemer on the Ægean Sea. Sedika Hanoum had a married sister in Kemer and it was while she was visiting her sister that Zia Bey met and fell in love with her. The parents of both were old friends.

Zia requested his father to arrange for the marriage. His parents thereupon went to Aivali to see Sedika's parents. My mother and I accompanied them.

We stayed at Aivali four days during which time there was much visiting and entertaining. Before we left the formal request for the hand of Sedika was made. Zia's father said to Sedika's father, "We want your girl for our son according to the command of Allah and as Mohammed did." The answer was, "Yes! We give our daughter to your son." This formality was also gone through between the two mothers.

Shortly after our visit to Aivali, Sedika came to Kemer and stayed with her sister. A week before the marriage she sent sugar cakes to all her friends and Zia did likewise. Four old women were hired to go about the city and announce the coming marriage. A crier in the mosque courtyard and another in the market-place also spread the good news. The marriage fes-

tivities began on a Friday and lasted for a week. The men were entertained in the garden and the women in the house. Every day ten sheep were killed and food was served to all those that called. Friends of Zia sent gifts of sheep, chickens, rice, fruit, flour, sugar, and the other essential foods for a great feast. The guests from out of town were lodged with friends of both the bridegroom's and bride's families. All during these early festivities the bride remained at her sister's house receiving her woman and girl friends while Zia aided his father and mother as host at their home. In addition to the eating there was much drinking. Although the Koran prohibits the drinking of alcohol, on this occasion the prohibition was not heeded, and great quantities of liquor were drunk. Every evening there was singing, dancing, a Kara-geuz show, and wrestling. Prizes of sheep were offered to the winners of the wrestling contests. On the Thursday, a week

after the beginning of the festivities, a hodja and two old men representing the bride came to Zia. The hodja asked, "Do you agree to marry Sedika?" Zia replied, "Yes!" This question was asked three times and each time the same reply was given. Then the hodja with two old men representing Zia went to Sedika and the same formalities were gone through. This constituted the entire legal ceremony.

In the afternoon of this same day a long procession of carriages made their way to the home of Sedika's sister. The first of these carriages was lined with silk, and in it rode Sedika's mother and sister-in-law. In the other carriages rode women friends of both the bridegroom's and bride's families. On arriving at the house where the bride was staying they all entered to witness the ceremony of dressing the bride in her wedding gown. The gown was of pure white silk with a red silk veil. When the bride was completely dressed she was escorted to the silk-lined carriage and the

procession made its way to Zia's home. It is the custom for the bride to weep during this journey. On arriving, Sedika was escorted to the bridal chamber where she remained with a married friend until two hours after sunset when she was left alone.

On this same Thursday afternoon Zia stayed at a friend's house. He bathed and dressed himself carefully. At two hours after sunset his friend escorted him to the mosque. After regular prayers, the immam offered a special prayer for the success and happiness of Zia's marriage. This prayer ended, Zia made his way home. He was preceded by the immam and the town's best singers, who sang religious songs, and was followed by a crowd of friends and onlookers. Many of those in the procession carried torches of red and green fire and some discharged numerous varieties of fireworks.

On arriving at the garden gate, the hodja entered first, followed by Zia and his friends. Just inside the gate there was

a great bowl of sweet sirup and a few old cups. All helped themselves to a drink. New cups are not used as it is the custom for the guests to steal the cups and break them for good luck. When all had drunk, Zia turned to his father and kissed his hand. Then the hodja and all Zia's relatives came forward and he kissed each of their hands in turn. This ceremony ended, he rushed into the house, every one in reach striking him strongly on the back. He went directly to his wife who was awaiting him in the bridal chamber. As he entered she rose and kissed his hand. He then threw back her veil. Together they prayed, the bride standing at the left and to the rear of her husband. Afterwards they ate a little of the numerous sweets which had been especially prepared for them by their various friends. The people in the garden shouted, "You are eating many good things. We desire to have some!" Zia then sent down to them some of the sweets, and while he and his

bride remained alone together the guests continued their revelry until the following morning.

When I was eight years old my grandfather Mohammed Kadir died. Before his death the hodja came and recited the Moslem creed over and over again while sitting next to the dying man and gave him Zem-zem water to drink. Mohammed Kadir like most Moslems died bravely. When all his sons and daughters were gathered about him, he gave them his blessing. He said, "My children, you must obey Allah's commandments as Mohammed instructed you to do, and you must walk in the true way as my generation has done."

As my grandfather was a dervish, there came at news of his death many dervishes of the same order from Adramyti. They and the immam washed the body and wrapped it in a sheet. The body was then put in a wooden coffin and on the same day carried to the cemetery. The funeral

procession was led by the dervishes who sang and shouted the creed as they marched along. Following them came the coffin which was carried on the shoulders of four friends of the deceased, and behind the coffin marched all the men of Kemer. (The women are not permitted to come to the cemetery for a burial.)

At the bottom of the grave there was a wooden plank. The body was removed from the coffin and set in the grave on top of this plank. When the grave was covered up, the immam read some special verses from the Koran, after which everybody but himself went away. He stood at the head of the grave and said, "Mohammed Kadir, say that Allah is One and that there is no other god before Him." He then repeated the creed three times. The reason for this is that Moslems believe that immediately after burial two angels descend from heaven and ask the body as to its religion, and as the body may be afraid to reply the immam remains

behind to aid it in giving the correct answer. During this ceremony at the cemetery, the women remained at home repeating the chapter of the Koran known as "Yassin." Three, seven, and forty days after the burial our family prepared pilaf in honor of the dead and friends came in and partook of it. As they ate they said, "God give rest to the soul of Mohammed Kadir."

CHAPTER VIII

BRUSSA AND CONSTANTINOPLE

When I was twelve years old I finished the Mekteb Rushdi, and as there was no school of a higher grade in Kemer, my father sent me to Brussa to continue my education. Brussa is a city of a quarter of a million population about one hundred and thirty miles northeast of Kemer and not far from the Sea of Marmora. It is a very beautiful city, being situated at the foot of the Olympus Mountains, the highest mountains in Asia Minor and snow-capped the entire year.

Brussa was the first capital of the Ottoman Empire and here are buried the first six sultans. To me, a little boy from Kemer, it seemed a wonderful city. The famous Green Mosque, built by Sultan Mohammed Cheliby, the fifth sultan, was

more splendid than I had imagined anything could be. Then, too, Djami Kebir (big mosque) built by Sultan Yildirim Byazid, the fourth sultan, awed me with its grandeur and beauty. Altogether the city had three hundred mosques. On every corner there were fountains and baths, for the ever-melting snows of the adjoining mountains provided the city with an abundant supply of cool, clear water.

The school that I attended was known as the Mekteb Sultanie (sultan's school) and the course lasted six years. Here we studied history, civics, geography, literature, mathematics, French, Persian, Arabic, Moslem law, physics, and chemistry. My brother was already a student, so it was very easy for me to become established and to make friends with my teachers and classmates.

Our teachers were mostly graduates of the University of Stamboul in Constantinople, but some had studied in foreign

countries. My history teacher was a graduate of the University of Paris and my physics and chemistry teacher had studied at the University of Lucerne. I enjoyed the life of the school very much. I made many friends, among whom were a number of boys who were natives of Brussa, and under their guidance I gained an intimate knowledge of the city.

At the school I made my first acquaintance with football. This game had been introduced into Constantinople by some Englishmen and had become very popular, gradually spreading out into the provinces. Each class had a team, and there were regular inter-class matches. I loved to play but never became expert enough to make a class team.

The school had quite a large museum in which were exhibited relics of the old sultans. Here one could find their clothes, swords, saddles, coffee cups, firmans (written decrees), etc. Here, too, were numerous Greek statues which had been

dug up in and about the city. It was almost impossible to dig the foundation for a building in any part of the city without discovering some remains of the old Greek civilization.

Brussa also had a military school, a normal school for teachers, an agricultural school, and a school of silk culture. The silk industry is the most important one in the city. Surrounding the city there are great groves of mulberry trees and enormous quantities of silkworms are raised. In the city itself there are numerous factories where the cocoons are spun out into thread and the thread woven into silk cloth. Brussa silk is famous throughout the world for its strength and beauty. In the bazaars of the city, mashlaks, towels, and innumerable other articles made from silk can be purchased.

A half-hour outside of the city are numerous hot springs. Here large baths have been built, and people come from all over Asia Minor and even from Europe

to take the baths, as they are supposed to be very efficient in the curing of certain illnesses. About half-way between the city and the baths there is a statue built over what is supposedly the tomb of Kara-geuz. It has been built by a newspaper of Constantinople which bears his name and which is very widely read. In this paper Kara-geuz comments each week on politics in a humorous manner with his friend Hadji Aivat who is said to occupy the tomb with him. In the city itself as well as in the country surrounding it are numerous tekkés. Practically every dervish order is represented.

One of my Brussa friends was the son of a wealthy man who was extremely conservative and lived according to the old customs. He had three wives, and it may interest you to have a description of his home as it contained a "harem," the institution about which the foreigner visiting Turkey usually inquires first.

My friend's home was entered by a gate

which opened into a large court. At the left side of the court was a two-story building. This building was known as the "Selamlik" or place of reception. Entering the lower floor, one found himself in a salon with rugs on the floor and a number of low divans against the walls. Two rooms led off from this salon. One of these was a servant's room where coffee was prepared for the guests, and the other was the office of the master of the house. The upper story of the building was reached by a stairway on the outside and contained the sleeping quarters of the men of the family. On the side of the yard opposite the "Selamlik" was a one-story building in which the men-servants lived. Opposite the gate leading to the street there was a high wall in which there was a wooden door. This door led into another courtyard in the center of which there was a fountain. As the outer court had on one side the "Selamlik" and on the other the quarters of the men-servants,

so this inner one had on one side the "Haremlik" or place of the harem and on the other the quarters of the women-servants. No men other than members of the family could enter the inner court-yard. In the wall separating the two was a revolving cupboard. If a man-servant wished to deliver something to a woman-servant, he put it in the cupboard, which was then turned and the woman-servant removed the object when it presented itself at the other side of the wall. The two servants could converse together but could not see each other. This whole arrangement is quite typical of the old houses of the wealthy Turks in the provincial cities.

In 1911 a great epidemic of cholera broke out in Brussa. About two thousand people died during the summer. I ran away from the school and returned to Kemer. My father then sent me to a school in the Island of Mitylene, which at that time was Turkish, although since turned over to Greece. I remained here

two years, and in 1913 I was sent to the Mekteb Harbié, the famous military school at Constantinople, to study to be an officer in the army.

To describe to you adequately the impression that Constantinople made on me when I first visited it as a boy of eighteen years is beyond my skill. Brussa had seemed to me a marvellous and wonderful place, but in comparison to Constantinople it seemed small and insignificant. It was not until a number of weeks after my arrival that I could walk about the city without a feeling of awe. The great crowds of people, the numerous large shops, the colossal mosques, and the harbor full of ships all made me feel very humble. But as time passed these strange sights became ordinary, and I settled down and felt almost as much at home as if I had been back in Kemer.

Constantinople is situated at the point where the Bosphorus meets the Sea of Marmora. The original city, which was

founded in 657 B. C. by adventurous merchants from Argos and Magara near Athens, was known as Byzantium. It was built on a peninsula jutting out into the Sea of Marmora from the European mainland. On the northern side of this peninsula there is a gulf having the shape of a ram's horn and known as the Golden Horn. Some say it is so called because of the great riches contained in the boats which were anchored here in the heydey of the Byzantine Empire, while others say it is due to the golden reflection of the setting sun in the waters of the gulf. The city has long outgrown its original site. Its great growth dates from 330 A. D. when Constantine the Great, Emperor of the Roman Empire, chose Byzantium as the site of his new capital, and it is from him that the city takes its present name.

To-day the original peninsula is known as Stamboul and is largely inhabited by Turks. Here are most of the great mosques, including Aya Sofia, which was

LOOKING UP THE BOSPHORUS FROM STAMBOUL.
The Galata Bridge is on the left.

a Christian church before the capture of the city by Mohammed II in 1453. Here, too, are most of the government buildings and the old palace of the sultans as well as the grand bazaars.

On the other side of the Golden Horn, and connected with Stamboul by two bridges, is Galata, the part of the city in which most of the banks, shipping companies, and wholesale merchants are located. On a hill above Galata is the European quarter of Pera. Here are the large modern shops, hotels, and apartment houses. The inhabitants of this part of the city are largely Europeans and native Armenians and Greeks.

Stamboul, Galata, and Pera are the three principal parts of the city, but opposite them on the Asiatic side of the straights are the important suburbs of Scutari and Kadikeuy, and strung along both sides of the Bosphorus are numerous suburban communities.

It has been truly said that in Constan-

tinople the East meets the West. As you stand at the Galata bridge and watch the crowds going back and forth between the two great quarters of the city, you vividly appreciate this. Men of every race and nationality, many in their native costumes, hurry past, each intent upon his own affairs. In many parts of the city, the Moslem mosque, the Christian church, and the Jewish synagogue are but a stone's throw from one another. Within the communities whose names these various houses of worship bear there are found numerous subdivisions. The Moslem community is divided into Sunnees, Shiahs, and other sects, the Christian community into Orthodox, Gregorian, Catholic, and the various Protestant groups, and the Jewish community into the Orthodox and Reformed parties. Most of these have their own schools. It is this diversification, this lack of unity, this great conglomeration of different nationalities, various races, divers languages,

and antagonistic faiths that is the most striking thing about the city.

At the Mekteb Harbié there were about two thousand students. We lived in barracks and our life was entirely a military one. Because of my knowledge of horses I was assigned to the cavalry. We had very fine horses and we soon learned to manœuver with great skill and precision. Our teachers were kind and intelligent. Many had been educated at the famous French military academy at St. Cyr, and others in various military schools in Germany. One evening in Ramazan we all went together to take dinner at the Dolma Bagtche Palace as guests of the Sultan. This palace is a very large one, beautifully situated on the edge of the Bosphorus. There was a full moon and the garden of the palace and the adjoining waters were illuminated by its silver rays. The Sultan sat upon a throne set up in the garden. He was a very fat man with a yellow parched skin, not at all the kind of a man

you would expect a sultan to be. His eyes were watery and had a frightened look. It is said that he was not absolutely sane, his mind having been affected by the many years' imprisonment he suffered while his brother Abdul Hamid was sultan. He watched us disinterestedly as we ate, drank, and talked. Before leaving we each received a half of a gold pound and the officers received a whole gold pound. This is called dish-kir-rasse which means literally " payment for teeth," and following an old custom it is paid by the Sultan to all who dine with him.

On numerous occasions we acted as the guard of honor when the Sultan went to public prayers. This ceremony is known as the " Selamlik " and takes place every Friday at noon. The Sultan resided at the Yildiz palace, one of his many mansions in Constantinople, and worshipped in the mosque adjoining the palace. We drew up in military formation on both sides of the road leading from the palace

to the mosque and stood at attention as the Sultan went by in his carriage. Crowds of people used to come on these occasions to see their spiritual and temporal chief, for the Sultan in addition to being head of the state was also, as Caliph of Islam, the head of the faithful throughout the world. The Caliph still claims in the Moslem world a position similar to that of the Pope in the Christian, and as all Christians do not recognize the spiritual authority of the Pope, so all Moslems do not recognize that of the Caliph.

To a stranger in Constantinople, the section of the city that is most interesting is Stamboul. Therefore I will describe to you a few of its most important features. In the daytime the center of life in Stamboul is the grand bazaars. These consist of a number of acres of covered streets lined on both sides with hundreds of tiny shops. The streets are often small, narrow, and crooked and are lighted by occasional skylights of dirty glass. The

entire place is pervaded by a musty odor like that of a mushroom cellar. The number and sorts of articles offered for sale is bewildering. Here you can buy anything from old coins to the latest toy from Berlin or the most recent innovation in safety razors from the United States. Whole streets are given over to the sale of spices, brass utensils, antiquities, sweets, bedding, rugs, etc., etc. The bazaars present as varied an aspect as the population of the city to whose needs they minister. If you intend to make a purchase, you should not be in a hurry. The Oriental enjoys a bargain and he does not like to be hurried in it any more than does the man who is eating a delicious dish. Before beginning business it is customary to offer the client a coffee and cigarette. While smoking and drinking, the weather, politics, and similar subjects are legitimate items of conversation. When the cigarette is almost consumed, it is proper for the client to show a mild interest in

SECTION OF THE GRAND BAZAAR OF STAMBOUL.

the article he wishes to purchase. He may tell of similar articles he has seen in the bazaars of other cities or that his friends have purchased, politely emphasizing their superiority over the article he desires as well as the ridiculously small price at which they were sold. After much of this, he may finally demand the price of the desired object but without showing any eagerness to make a purchase. The shop-owner will name a figure, but state that if the client thinks of purchasing, he will make a slight sacrifice to an old friend. This sort of repartee keeps up until the article is finally sold at about half the price originally asked. If a rug or other object of some value is to be purchased, the bargaining often extends over numerous visits.

Another familiar sight of Stamboul are the beautiful fountains belonging to the various mosques. They are usually of elaborately carved marble, the carving resembling fine lace-work. These fountains

represent the best achievements of Turkish art. They all bear numerous inscriptions from the Koran and occasionally a poem in Turkish. The poem on the fountain of the mosque of Sultan Ahmed ends as follows:

"Open the faucet with a 'Bismillah,' (in the name of God)
Drink the water, and pray for Sultan Ahmed."

As the majority of the great mosques of Stamboul have been built by Sultans, there is usually found adjoining them the tombs of their builders. These tombs are exceedingly interesting. They are usually entered by an iron gate over which there are inscriptions from the Koran which are cut in the stone. Inside, in the center of each tomb there is a large wooden box with sloping sides, which is covered by a silk shawl. At the one end of this box is a stick bearing a red fez around which is wound a white turban.

This is the coffin representing the dead Sultan. It does not actually contain his body, for that is buried in the ground below. Surrounding this large central coffin are usually three or four other ones of the same size but without turbans. These are the coffins of the Sultan's wives. Surrounding these there are anywhere from ten to thirty smaller ones, some with and some without turbans. These are the coffins of the Sultan's children. You might wonder, judging by the size of the latter, if all these children died in their infancy. I cannot give you exact information on this point, but I can tell you that in our history it has been the rule for a new Sultan on coming to the throne to kill all the male descendants of his predecessor. The reason for this was that the succession to the Sultanate was not from father to oldest son as is usually the case with imperial families, but from the oldest surviving member of the house of Othman to the next oldest member. Thus a Sultan

to assure the succession to his own children had to put out of the way all his cousins, brothers, uncles, etc., that were in line to the succession ahead of his sons. Also if there was no one to take his place there was little likelihood of his being overthrown by a coup d'état. During the last century, instead of destroying dangerous rivals the Sultans have kept them in prison. I have already told you how Abdul Hamid II kept his brother, who became Sultan with the title of Mohammed V, a prisoner for the greater part of his life.

The glory of Stamboul is in its mosques. These with their massive domes and tall minarets dominate every quarter. Their interiors are masterpieces of arabesque decoration. No figure of man or animal or any design using these as a motive can be found. Such figures and designs would smack of idol-worship, the destruction of which Mohammed regarded as his especial duty. The decorations consist of

THE FOUNTAIN OF THE MOSQUE OF SULTAN AHMED.

THE TOMB OF SULTAN SELIM IN STAMBOUL.

The large coffin with the turban is that of the Sultan. The other large ones are those of his wives; the small ones with turbans are those of his sons, and the small ones without turbans are those of his daughters. The bodies are not in the coffins, but in the ground below them.

geometrical designs of great variety of line and color, and of texts chosen from the Koran. These are often in gold and have a beauty of form that it is difficult to believe can be given to writing by one who knows only the alphabets of the West. Truly these great mosques are fit places for man to approach God.

CHAPTER IX

AN HISTORICAL CHAPTER

In this chapter I will give a brief survey and interpretation of the history of the Ottoman Turks so that you may better understand the events that are occurring in Turkey to-day. The character of any people depends on their inheritance and environment and though I have told you a great deal of the environment of the Turkish people, I have said but little about their inheritance.

About the middle of the thirteenth century a small band of nomad Turks migrated from Khorassan in Central Asia into Asia Minor. They had been driven from their homeland by an invading horde of Mongols from farther east. When the wave of Mongols had spent its force, some of these Turks returned to Khorassan, but

a small group of about four hundred and twenty families under the leadership of two brothers, Ertogroul and Dundar, continued westward.

Asia Minor at this time was made up of a number of small states of Seljuk Turks who had come into the country about three hundred years before. They, too, had come from Central Asia. Previous to their coming, all of Asia Minor had belonged to the Byzantine Empire, but the southern boundaries of this state had been gradually pushed back so they included at this time only a narrow belt of territory along the Bosphorus, the Sea of Marmora, and the Dardanelles, in which were situated the cities of Brussa, Nicæa, and Nicomedia. The remainder of the country had been conquered by the Seljuk Turks, who had intermixed with the native population and imposed upon them the Turkish language and, to a large extent, the Mohammedan faith, which they had probably acquired from the Persians. No doubt

Ertogroul and his followers were converted to Islam by the Seljuks. In one of the many struggles between the various Seljukian states, Ertogroul aided the Sultan Allaedin of Konia. As a reward he was granted a small piece of territory, about sixty miles southeast of Brussa, where he and his people settled down to a pastoral life. When he died, his son Othman was chosen by the clan to succeed him. It is from Othman, the first Sultan, that we take the name of Ottoman Turks and it was he, a much more ambitious man than his father, who was the founder of the Ottoman Empire.

With Othman began the great period of conquest which lasted three hundred years. During this period ten Sultans held the throne, and each one extended the boundaries of the empire until towards the end of the sixteenth century, shortly after the death of Suleiman the Magnificent, the tenth Sultan and by many judged the greatest, it consisted of: (1) in Asia: the

whole of Asia Minor, Syria, Mesopotamia, Arabia, and the Caucasus; (2) in Europe: the northern littoral of the Black Sea, all the islands of the Ægean Sea, the entire Balkan Peninsula, the greater part of Hungary, the whole of what is to-day Roumania as well as a goodly part of what is to-day South Russia, and (3) in Africa: the whole of Egypt, Tripoli, Tunis, and Algeria.

What were the reasons for this great and rapid growth? It was largely due to the ability of the first ten Sultans. They were all men of tremendous vitality, exceptional organizing ability, and military genius. They were aided by the rivalry and hatred between the Roman and Greek churches, which prevented the nations of the West from coming to the aid of the Byzantine Empire. Also the long struggle between the Bulgarian Empire and the Byzantine Empire had greatly weakened both; the various Seljukian states of Asia Minor after many years of inter-

necine warfare were no match for the virile Ottomans.

Thus you see that the first three hundred years of our history were given over to the conquering of our empire. The second three hundred years were given over to defending it. In this we were not so successful, and to-day, a little more than three hundred and fifty years after the death of Suleiman the Magnificent, the Ottoman Empire no longer exists. The only remnant is the modern state of Turkey which is restricted to Constantinople, Eastern Thrace, and Asia Minor.

What were the reasons for this great and rapid decay? Principally the degeneration of the imperial family. Since Suleiman the Magnificent, there have been twenty-six Sultans on the throne, of whom only one, Mahmoud the Reformer, showed to even a slight degree the great qualities that the first ten Sultans possessed so generously. As the Ottoman Empire was an absolute despotism, everything de-

pended upon the character of the despot. It was only after the Revolution of 1908 that the Sultan's powers were in any way restricted. Since November 22, 1922, the office of Sultan no longer exists. Turkey at that time became a democracy, but the empire was then already lost.

From the above short outline you can see that our entire history has been one of war. Except for the Turks who were farmers and shepherds in the homeland of Anatolia, we were a people of soldiers and officials. We ruled over a great mass of foreign people, and this required innumerable governors, vice-governors, etc. As our central government was a despotism, so the governments of all the provinces and states tended to become despotisms. The men who were sent out from Constantinople to govern various sections and peoples could do largely as they pleased as long as they sent in to the Sultan the required amount of tribute each year. As a result of this system some

parts of the empire were well governed while others were badly governed, depending on the character of the local governor. Naturally with the degeneration of the central despot, the character of the minor despots also degenerated until finally most of the provinces were ruled by men interested only in lining their purses with gold.

Because of this misgovernment and the spreading of the ideas of liberty after the French Revolution, the subject people began to revolt, and gradually with the aid of France, England, and Russia, a number won their independence. First Serbia, then Greece, followed by Bulgaria, Roumania, and Albania broke away from Turkish rule. In trying to repress these revolutions against their authority the Turks often used barbarous methods, massacring great numbers of the inhabitants. This was to be expected of a people whose whole history has been made up of incessant warfare and whose religion

does not condemn the use of force but advocates it. The Western powers in aiding the subject people to gain their independence hardly acted from disinterested motives. Of former parts of the Ottoman Empire, France now rules over Algeria, Tunis, and Syria; England over Cyprus, Egypt, Palestine, and Mesopotamia; Russia over the Crimea, the Caucasus, and part of Armenia; and Italy over Tripoli, Rhodes, and the Dodecanese Islands. Those people who have actually gained their independence probably owe it largely to the fact that these great powers could not agree as to which one should rule them after the Turks had been ousted.

Within the old Turkish Empire there was a very interesting arrangement by which the non-Moslem people were allowed a certain degree of autonomy. When Mohammed II conquered Constantinople he acquired with the city a great number of Greek, Jewish, Ar-

menian, and foreign subjects. His own people were ruled by Moslem law. It was evidently impossible to rule these non-Moslem people by the same law, so he allowed to continue in operation a Byzantine custom by which foreigners were governed as to education, marriage, inheritance, etc., by representatives of their own countries. Mohammed made the Greek Patriarch of Constantinople, the Armenian Patriarch of Constantinople, and the Grand Rabbi of Constantinople, the political as well as the religious heads of all the Greeks, Armenians, and Jews in the empire. Every other religious community also had a political as well as religious chief in the capital city. The consuls of foreign countries served in the same capacity for their nationals who resided in the empire.

By this arrangement the local non-Moslem communities operated their own schools, churches, and ecclesiastical courts, and kept all records of births, marriages,

deaths, etc. It was a very satisfactory arrangement and was largely responsible for the fact that the Ottoman Empire held together as long as it did. It kept the non-Moslem people fairly satisfied and gave them an avenue by which they could present their difficulties directly to the central government in Constantinople without going through the local Moslem governors. Thus it also tended to limit the oppression of these local despots.

However, with the growth of the idea of nationality in the West following the French Revolution, the Christian people were not satisfied with these privileges; they wanted complete independence. As you have seen, many of them won it. But how grant complete independence to those Christians in Constantinople and Asia Minor who were intermixed with the Moslem people where the latter were in the majority? The Turkish answer to this question has been to eliminate these

non-Moslem minorities from among them by massacre and deportation. These poor people have been the unfortunate victims of the Westernization of Turkey. Turkey could not become a nation in the Western sense (a unity in language, sentiment, race, and religion) while these people remained in the country. They could not be Turkified, as for example the immigrants that enter the United States are Americanized. The best solution of the problem would no doubt have been for them to be transmigrated to some other land. It is interesting to note that at the Peace Conference at Lausanne following the Greco-Turkish war which ended in the fall of 1922, the Greeks and Turks signed an agreement by which the Turks of Greek Macedonia were to be interchanged with the Greeks remaining in Asia Minor. This is probably hard upon these people, but until we learn to live with one another in peace and tolerance, regardless of differences in race, nationality, language, or

religion, there does not seem to be any other way out.

The Revolution of 1908 had for its ideal a New Turkey in which all the different peoples of various religions and nationalities would live together as Ottomans. The corrupt and oppressive Sultan Abdul Hamid was forced to grant a constitution and a year later to abdicate in favor of his brother. Everybody was enthusiastic and believed that a new era had opened. Unfortunately it was not long before the old hates and suspicions began to show themselves and soon conditions were worse than ever before. The people had a vision and when they saw it would not become a reality (no one would sacrifice anything towards its realization, all considering the new régime as a means of gaining their separate interests) in their disillusion they proceeded to accuse one another of being responsible for the failure of their hopes.

Thus instead of the New Turkey we

have had wars, massacres, and deportations in rapid succession.

I would like to tell you something of Turkey as it is to-day, but events are developing so rapidly and such great and fundamental changes are taking place that there is danger of all I can say being out of date by the time you read this. The most revolutionary step in the whole history of Turkey was taken on November 22nd, 1922, when the Sultanate was abolished and Turkey became a democracy. The entire powers of government, both legislative and executive, were given to the Grand National Assembly, to be elected by universal manhood and womanhood suffrage. The Sultan remained merely as head of the Moslem church, keeping his title of Caliph. The political powers of the various church heads in Constantinople as well as those of the foreign consuls were abolished. Turkey has put behind her the old political institutions of the Ottoman Empire and has

taken over bodily the political institutions of the West. However, if democracy is to function properly, the people must be educated, and until the people of Turkey are educated, her so-called democracy will merely be a sham, the government resting in the hands of the most powerful individual or group of individuals in the state. At present this group is the group which controls the army. Their sincerity for the establishment of a real democracy will be judged by the steps they take towards giving Turkey a good, free, and universally compulsory system of education. The Turkish people are worthy of good government. They as well as the Christians, Jews, and other inhabitants of the country have suffered tremendously from the misgovernment of the past. May the future hold happier days for them!

CHAPTER X

ABOUT MYSELF

On graduating from the Mekteb Harbié I was commissioned a second lieutenant in the gendarmes and was sent to Sivas, a city in Eastern Asia Minor, to serve in policing the surrounding country. At this time Turkey had already entered the Great War as an ally of Germany. The country was an armed camp. In every city soldiers were being enlisted, trained, and shipped away to the various fronts. German officers had entered the country in great numbers to help organize all its resources for the purposes of war.

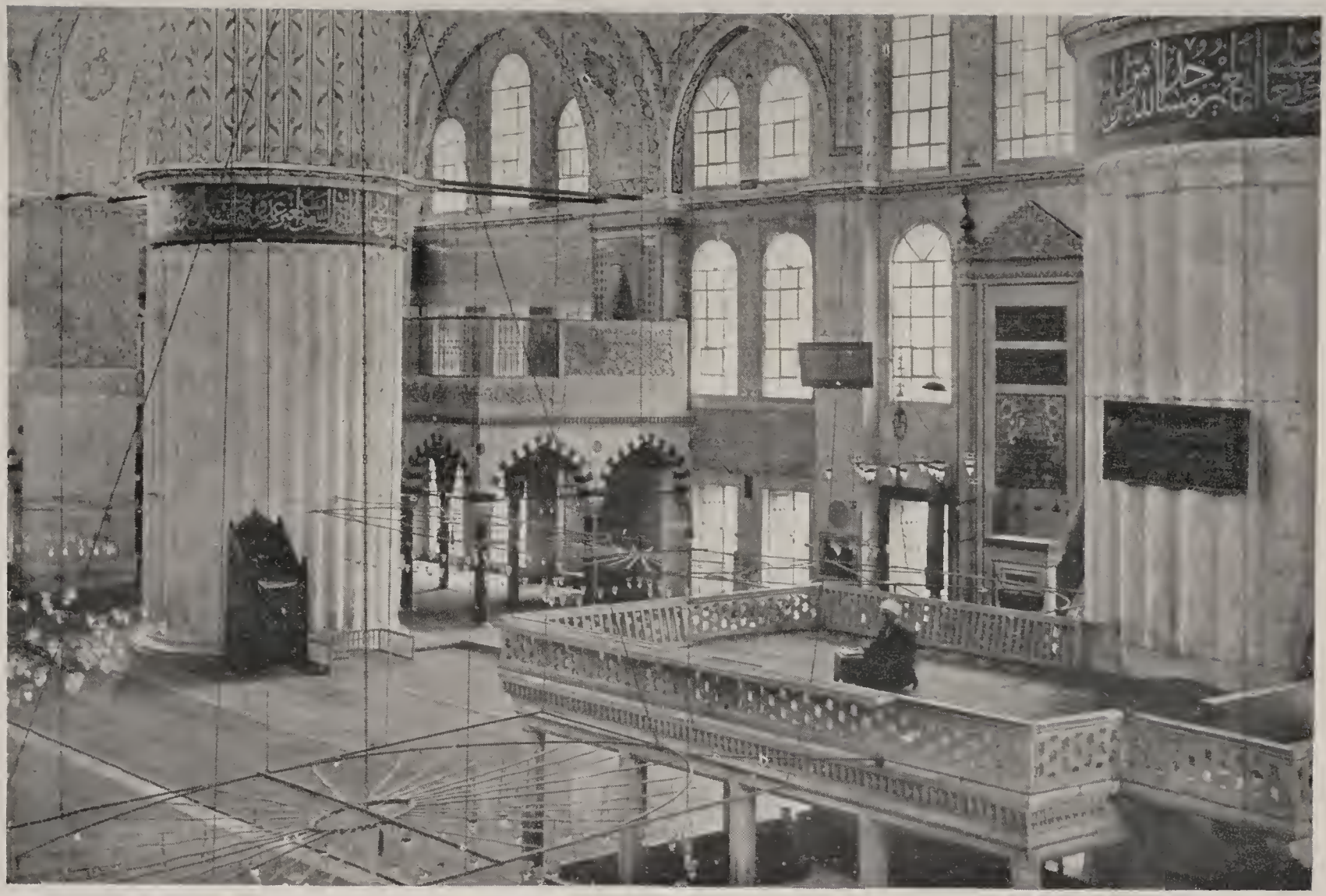
In May, 1915, I was at Torkat, a town not far from Sivas, when I received orders to report to Captain Saadedin Bey, the commander of the gendarmerie for my district. On my way to headquarters I

heard a great deal of shooting in the mountains and hills, and on inquiring the cause, I was told that the gendarmes were hunting down Armenians who had escaped from the towns and villages. I was greatly surprised, as up to this time the relations between the native Turks and Armenians had seemed to be quite friendly.

On arriving in Sivas, I discovered that conditions were very bad. A great many of the Armenians were in prison. From here they were being deported into the country in groups of forty and fifty, each group under the guard of an officer and six to ten gendarmes. In the bazaars and mosques of the city there were numerous immams from Constantinople haranguing the Mohammedans. They said that the Armenians had been discovered plotting against the government, and that as they were thus guilty of treason they should be put to death. These immams had evidently been sent out by the central

government to stir up the religious and nationalistic passions of the people. According to the Mohammedan faith, a non-Moslem in a Moslem state has no rights or privileges except as they are granted to him by Moslems. A non-Moslem is called "gia(v)our" or infidel. He is allowed to live and work in the Moslem state as long as he is tolerated by the Sultan. Once this toleration is revoked, the infidel can be killed, and by Moslem law it is not murder. Also his property can be stolen, and it is not theft. Naturally with such a belief to work upon, it was easy for these immams from Constantinople speaking in the name of the Sultan to stir the simple Turks of the country to deeds of great cruelty against the hated infidels.

Captain Saadedin Bey ordered me to take a group of Armenians from the prison into the mountains and to see that they were killed. I refused. He then imprisoned me for three days. On the



INTERIOR OF MOSQUE OF SULTAN AHMED.

The balcony in the foreground is for the choir. The balcony in the rear, on the left, is for the Sultan when he comes to worship at the mosque.

third day I was brought before the vali or governor of the province whose name was Mommer Bey. He threatened me with court-martial if I did not obey the instructions of the captain. Realizing that disobedience would not help the Armenians any and would put me in a position which would make it impossible for me to aid them in the future, I took thirty-three Armenians from the city prison and with ten gendarmes conducted them to Sou-Chehir, four days from Sivas on foot. On the road many Turks came to attack our prisoners as they had done with the prisoners ahead of us and whose bodies we had seen lying along the roadside. However, I managed to prevent any harm from coming to them. We brought them to the mountains and there they were set free to live as best they could until the time came when their persecution would end or until they could escape from the country. The gendarmes who were Kurds, a wild mountain people who live on the

borders of Turkey and Persia, then dispersed. I returned to Sivas and told the captain that the Armenians had been disposed of. Unfortunately, three days later one of my gendarmes returned and told the truth. The vali as a punishment sent me to Erzeroum on the Russian front. On my way there I passed on the road many hundreds of dead.

Two days from Sivas as I was approaching the town of Zara I saw a number of Turkish villagers attack two Armenians who were driving along the road in a cart. I managed to prevent their being killed, although they were badly cut and bruised before I could reach them. I turned them over to Houssein Bey, a doctor of Zara who treated their wounds but scorned me for protecting the infidels. The people of the town were very angry with me and said, " Perhaps you are yourself an Armenian." Both the Mayor of Zara and the Vali of Sivas sent telegrams to Kemer to ask if Lieutenant Ahmed

Sabri was from a Moslem or a Christian family. When they received a reply to the effect that I was a Moslem and from a prominent family they took no action against me.

After four months at the front I became very ill and was sent to Samsoun, a seaport on the Black Sea about four hundred miles from Constantinople. Here there was a large Greek population, at that time on fairly good terms with the Turks. I made the acquaintance of many of these Greeks. After my convalescence I was assigned to duty at Chabib-Kara-Hissar. Here I was often able to prevent the persecution of the Christians, and as a result I came to know the head of the Greek Church in this city, the Metropolitan Sophronious. I went to visit him often and he gave me a copy of the New Testament. In reading this I received my first knowledge of the real Jesus and learned how different he was from the Jesus the Moslems know. My frequent

visits to the Metropolitan caused much suspicion among the Turks and as a result I was transferred to Kauza, a small town about thirty miles northeast of the city of Marsovan.

The Episcopas Aristias Ierotheos, head of the Greek Church of Kauza, became my friend. He had been informed of my coming by the Metropolitan of Chabib-Kara-Hissar. My study of the Gospels was greatly facilitated by this friendship. I remained at Kauza until the end of the war except for a short stay in a hospital at Marsovan. With the defeat of Turkey and the end of hostilities, numerous British officers came into the country and proceeded to disarm the people. The Turks of the town because of my friendship with the Christians began to menace me. A Turkish friend told me of a plot against my life. Realizing that the hatred against me was growing greater every day, I left Kauza and made my way to Constantinople. From Constantinople

I went to Smyrna and then to Athens where I was baptized. In brief, these are the events leading up to the public profession of my belief in Jesus and of my desire to be one of his followers.

To-day I am an exile from my native land. Unfortunately my countrymen have not as yet learned to tolerate among them those of their own kind who think and believe differently from what they do. Towards these they are more intolerant than towards those who are of a different race and nationality. May I not in closing make a plea? May the boys of all the world learn to know, understand, and love one another regardless of differences in race, religion, nationality, class, or beliefs!

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